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9.20 P.M.

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2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &
9.30 P.M.

• SHOWING TO-DAY •

Out Of The Dark Contin-
ent's Danger-ridden Dia-
mond Country Comes
Savage Greed... Salty
Love... Great Adventure!



Paramount presents
BURT LANCASTER PAUL HENREID CLAUDE RAINS PETER LORRE

in HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION
"Rope of Sand"
with SAM JAFFE, and introducing CORINNE CALVET
Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE

Story and Screenplay by WALTER POWDER
Additional Dialogue by JOHN PATTON

— ADDED ATTRACTION —
LATEST POPEYE CARTOON

"HOT AIR ACES"

EXTRA PERFORMANCE
TO-MORROW

11.30 A.M. at LEE 12.30 P.M. at LIBERTY

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

QUEEN'S — 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW —
Extra Performance At 11.30 A.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.15 & 9.15 P.M.
A GRIPPING STORY OF YOUTH IN
THE TOILS OF THE UNDERWORLD!

Yung Hwa presents

"LITTLE SHRIMP"

With Detailed English
Translations!



ALHAMBRA
TO-MORROW MORNING AT 12 NOON
WALT DISNEY'S
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
MICKEY MOUSE — DONALD DUCK — PLUTO
REDUCED PRICES: \$2.00; \$1.50; \$1.00

SHOWING TO-DAY **MAJESTIC** AIR-CONDITIONED
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

SUNDAY EXTRA SHOW
AT 12.00 NOON MEN ONLY

HERE'S A PICTURE THAT...
WILL STARTLE YOU...
WILL AMAZE YOU...
WILL THRILL YOU...
as you see the results of indiscreet love!
as the faces of life unfold before your eyes!

Because of EVE
THE STORY OF LIFE!

FOR ADULTS ONLY!
SEGREGATED AUDIENCE BY ORDER.
DAILY 2.30 P.M. LADIES ONLY!
5.20, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. MEN ONLY!

ALSO ADDED **"NANOOK OF THE NORTH"**



U.S. Dictator And Samson Compete For Film Honours

From FREDERICK COOK: New York

For a first-class lesson in American politics, do not miss the new Hollywood picture, "All the King's Men." It is also an exciting story, altogether one of the best pieces of film-making to come out of California this year.

"All the King's Men" is based on some aspects of the life of the late Huey Long. It bore for a time the label, "Not to be consumed off the premises."

Columbia Pictures, who made it, asked me to see it and tell them whether I thought it should go to London; would English audiences understand it?

ACTION-PACKED

My answer, on both counts: an enthusiastic yes. I believe most English people know enough of the man who rose to power in Louisiana with

good intentions, did, in fact, much good work, but turned into the first American dictator.

WATCH RUTH

People: Ruth Roman, my nomination for the star most worth watching in pictures of the year, draws Randolph Scott as her next film partner. Rex Harrison has decided not to continue acting in the play "Anne of the Thousand Days" which means that the show (now touring) will close at the year end. Emlyn Williams, playing the lead here in "Montmartre," has been submitted to the usual quiz by the local papers: Who is the best actor in London? Williams tactfully replied: "It's a tie between Laurence Olivier and John Gielgud."

Those who remember the career of Kingfish Huey Long will appreciate the honesty and dramatic force of the picture; those who do not will still find it action-packed and a tremendous story.

On celluloid, the dictator's name is not Long, of course. It is Willie Stark. A tremendous performance is given by Broderick Crawford. And one to match it is given by Mercedes McCambridge as his admirer, secretary and mistress.

MURDER SCENE

Joanne Dru plays his society girl friend. The final murder scene is so realistic it might have been clipped from the newsreels of 20 years ago.

Competing with it for the title of Film of the Week is the new De Mille epic, "Samson and Delilah." This is one of the best of De Mille's Bible stories, if you like that sort of thing.

BROADWAY SACS

The legitimate stage is in such a poor way on Broadway that New York's constant assertion that there is really no theatre in London to speak of, while everything here is fine, is beginning to sound ridiculous.

Not for decades has there been so dull a season here. The season is now past the half-way mark. New productions total 17, against 20 last year.

At the last count, Broadway offered some 23 shows against London's 40.

In addition, there is nothing here remotely comparable with London's thriving theatre clubs where shows often of professional standard are produced for subscription audiences. As a matter of fact, what Broadway could use just now is an import or two from London.

THE NEW SHOWS

Among the new shows: Raymond Massey and Mandy Patinkin in Strindberg's "The Father"; Katharine Cornell, Torin Thatcher, Henry Stephenson in "That Lady" (Kate O'Brien's dramatization of her novel, "For One Sweet Grape"); Alexander Knox in his own melodrama, "The Closing Door," a murder mystery; "Regina," a musical version of Lillian Hellman's drama, "The Little Foxes," with Jane Fikens, Pick of the new musicals (but it is no "Oklahoma" or "Kiss Me, Kate") is "Texas, L'il Darlin'" with Kenny Delmar, Danny Scholl, Mary Hatcher. None of these is half-marked for a West End triumph.

"I saw the movie about Captain Kidd," he added. "It was greatly exaggerated."

Murray doesn't demand, however, that the movie-makers adhere too strictly to the letter of truth. In "Double Crossbones," for instance, they assemble Henry Morgan, Captain Kidd, Blackbeard and Anne Bonney at a time when some had been dead for years and others were still in school.

"SECRET OF SUCCESS" The secret of success as a technical adviser is being adaptable, Murray shrugged.

Murray got his job after he had gone to Hollywood to retire, appeared on a radio quiz show and disclosed to the master of ceremonies that he was an authority on pirates.

"I heard about him and hired him to show the art department how to build pirate ships for another high seas epic, 'Buccanner's Girl'."

Now that Murray's been in Hollywood a while, he's beginning to wish he could get in front of the camera as Henry Morgan instead of standing behind it. It seems that Morgan looks okay.

Murray, known on the set as "The Commander," wears a beard just like a pirate and never appears without his navy cap.

"It's always been with me," he said, touching it tenderly. "It went in the water four times," he added, "unwillingly went with it." — United Press.

RUTH ROMAN
The star most worth watching.
(London Express Service)

FILMS FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS

Two technicolour musicals, a Damon Runyon comedy teaming Bob Hope and Lucille Ball with a new child discovery, Mary Jane Saunders, and a drama set against the background of the South African diamond mines round out a varied and entertaining selection of films for the cinemagoer at Christmas.

A film that will be first choice with many is "The Barkleys of Broadway" at the Queen's and Alhambra Theatres which brings together again a dance team that has been favoured of our cinemagoers now for quite a few years—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

The story is an old one, rehearsed over and again in every other musical, but the dance numbers are Rogers-Astaire special and many will see the picture more than once to learn the "Swing Trot."

A terpsichorean treat offered is a "Four Dances in One"

Bob Hope and Lucille Ball, "Sorrowful Jones," which will be the Christmas feature at the King's Theatre, has in it also the newest moppet to capture the hearts of all.



The story, adapted from the Damon Runyon's "Little Miss Marker," centres around Sorrowful Jones, a penny-pinching Broadway bookie who accepts a desperate bettor's young daughter as security for his wager.

The development of the plot leaves the child entirely on Bob's hands and the comedy develops in typical Hope fashion with horse dopers on the trail for his blood.

Lucille Ball, the "beautiful doll with plenty on the ball and who is honest, hep and terrific" of the Runyon story, helps Bob in the chores of playing parent. She starts in the story as a night club singer and there are nine songs, including "Sweet Adeline" and "Rock-A-Bye Baby" with Bob Hope joining in.

For sheer Runyonesque entertainment alone, the film is almost tops on the Christmas bill. Add everything else and many a fan might give it first choice. The holidays are long enough for the others as well.

Packed With Action

If you like your film entertainment charged with dramatic adventure, sensational action and intriguing romance—then Hal Wallis' "Rope of Sand," which is the Christmas offering at the Lee and Liberty Theatres, is a "must" on your movie list.

It is the kind of thriller that will keep you sitting on the edge of your seat and will send you home satisfied that you have seen as much excitement as the screen can hold.

"Rope of Sand" co-stars Burt Lancaster, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, Peter Lorre and introduces luscious Corinne Calvet, Parisienne beauty, the only woman in the cast, on whom all eyes are understandably turned.

Miss Calvet portrays a seductive Capetown café girl who is hired by stockholder Rains to

Stromboli Now Movie-Minded

The volcanic island of Stromboli, Italy, will never be quite the same since Ingrid Bergman visited it for the filming of "Stromboli," made by Director Roberto Rossellini for RKO Radio.

Presence of the film troupe affected almost every one of the 700 inhabitants. Village bells now wear their hair in the windblown manner of Miss Bergman, instead of the carefully braided coiffures of their mothers and grandmothers.

The children have learned to speak English. And although Stromboli is without a theatre, most of the people who have never seen a movie are now movie-maniacs.

A kindness Bartolo Narduzzo, 11, will be eternally grateful that Roberto Rossellini and Ingrid Bergman chose the island of Stromboli to make their picture.

Bartolo, the son of a blind labourer, had impaired vision in one eye. When he was very

young he burned one of his legs severely from knee to ankle. It had never received proper medical attention, and the poor lad had difficulty dragging himself about the island's rugged terrain.

The physical handicaps made Bartolo extremely shy and self-conscious. He was afraid of people.

Miss Bergman and Rossellini noticed him one day, far on the fringe of a group of children home island, where "howl" and crews wherever they went.

The day they left Stromboli, Bartolo received a package of new clothing and an invitation to accompany them to Rome for medical treatment.

It will take three months for Bartolo's leg to be healed. During that time an eye surgeon will work on his eye.

The youngster is excited about his forthcoming return to his home island, where "howl" he hopes for the first time to be come part of the crowd, instead of a pitiable shadow on the

Commencing To-day At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

"I KNOW THE SHAME"
of being called an Outcast Woman!

JEANNE CRAIN
MADEIRA CARROLL
GEORGE SANDERS
RICHARD GREENE

But what could her kind of woman know of a mother's love? This picture will amaze — and deeply stir you!

The FAM

Produced and Directed by OTTO PREMINGER

Screen Play by Walter Reisch, Dorothy Parker and Hans Fama. Based on Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan."

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.
Paramount Films presents
A VARIETY PROGRAMME OF COLORED CARTOONS
AT REDUCED PRICES

SHOWING TO-DAY **KING'S** AT 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

"One of the greatest directors ever made!" — Damon Runyon

Charlie Chaplin
in his new comedy
The Great Dictator
Produced, written and directed by CHARLIE CHAPLIN
with PAULETTE GODDARD

TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.
"MIGHTY MOUSE CARTOONS"
PROGRAMME IN TECHNICOLOR
Presented by 20th-Century Fox
AT REDUCED PRICES

5 SHOWS TO-DAY **Cathay** At 12.30, 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ANOTHER U.S.S. GREATEST PRODUCTION!
A THRILLING EPISODE — LITHUANIAN STRUGGLE AGAINST FASCISTS!

MARITE

AN U.S.S. PRODUCTION

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR ADVERTISING

Advertisers who have reserved special space during December and January are requested to submit copy well in advance.

In cases where the S.C.M.P. Art Department is supplying illustrations and blocks, particulars of requirements should be submitted immediately.

The GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD

At the close of the day's work, Joseph sat in the back of his shop and emptied a palmful of coins from a creak taken down from a tall shelf. Ever since he had first seen Mary, he had saved every mite against his wedding day, which would not be long.

Almost enough for every thing, he congratulated himself. "And my wife won't have to skimp and scrape. Tonight," he resolved, "I will tell the family that we do not have to wait any more."

It was good to step abroad after the long day's work. Now and then the carpenter was saluted by a customer—a farmer, a shepherd, a blacksmith and he related every greeting with a sense of peaceful security.

Oh yes, he knew now that in Jerusalem the carpenters looked down on the countryfolk. Nazareth, a village with a few houses, was a far cry from the bustling streets of the Jerusalem. Can anything good come out of Nazareth?

But Joseph, with all his feelings, was not a pessimist. The people of Jerusalem were unkind and overbearing. Any way, he was proud of his home town and expected to be happy there with Mary and children at work.

Just ahead of him was a lane, and at its turning was the house of Joseph and Anna, the mother of Mary. The white dome gleamed in the dusk. At one side of it ran a staircase that led to the roof and looking up there Joseph saw Mary. She had a lantern in her hand and she was bending over and collecting dates and figs that had been spread out to dry in the hot sun. Knowing his foot steps, she straightened up and waved her hand.

Their Plans

THEN Joseph passed into the house with the freedom of one who feels himself already a member of the family. Joachim strode forward, the two men bowed ceremoniously, and the younger man kissed the father's beard.

Joseph seated himself beside the older man, and plunged at once into his business. He had saved his money, he had improved the living quarters, behind the house, he was ready to buy a goat and hens and a rooster, he wanted his wife. Why should there be any delay?

"Who makes delays?" demanded Joachim. The carpenter glanced at him and said:

"No, Joseph," said Mary's mother, looking over her shoulder as she patted the dough. "I will not stand in your way. I know now that you love Mary and that she loves you. There is really no sense in waiting. Have you fixed a date in your mind?"

"I want to marry her yesterday," joked Joseph, and they all laughed. "But no, I have not fixed any date. I want to talk with Mary after supper to-night. I would like it better that way."

Later, in the damp darkness of the Nazareth road, Joseph and Mary strolled and talked. They were full of their plans and felt a little awed, by them.



THE ANNUNCIATION

THE ETERNAL STORY—THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST—RETOLD FAITHFULLY AND WITH IMPRESSIVE SIMPLICITY IN THE LANGUAGE OF TODAY. THE HONGKONG TELEGRAPH IS PRIVILEGED TO PRESENT THE OPENING CHAPTER TODAY IN THIS SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

BY FULTON OURSLER

Completely occupied with a dozen small and enchanting details about their wedding, they were oppressed that night with no foreboding.

It was late when they were ready to say good night, but they had come to a decision. Within three months they would be married. Joseph would have liked it earlier, but Mary pointed out that there was still sewing to do and a few more shekels her father wanted to accumulate, she knew, to fill out her modest dowry. Three months would not seem so long, now that the date was fixed.

Something Amiss

THEIR hands clasped and they parted. Joseph strode off, his head bowed, his feet heavy, his heart full of a strange, unexplained feeling.

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Without an instant's preparation she had walked into it, immediately after that tender good night at the gate. Joachim and Anna had been chatting up on the roof; they, too, had much to talk about.

Feeling a little chill, for the night was damp, Mary had crossed the lower floor inside the house and mounted to the steps to the platform she had reached. She was not alone. A tall figure was standing near the farther wall.

A stranger. An odd and altogether different stranger. Because he seemed to stand in light where there was no lamp, and a kind of silvery mist enveloped him as if the light were his cap and gown.

Mary opened her mouth to speak, to demand who he was and what he wanted there, but he anticipated her with an unexpected greeting.

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"Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to your word."

As if by incantation the angel vanished; one instant he was there, gone the next. And Mary, swooning and murmuring, crossed the floor and sank to her knees and lay upon her pallet and closed her eyes and wept and prayed. Too much to understand! She wanted to scream for Anna and throw herself into those strong, stout arms and cry to her mother what had just happened. But she could not bring herself, even in the first agony of that hysteria, to risk certain disaster. They would say she had imagined this thing because Elizabeth was having a child and Zachary had said he saw an angel.

Brooding she was, all the way. The wayfarers were struck by a feeling of special solemnity that distinguished her. One of the least of them, a rickshaw puller from the Damascus bazaar, gave her a cup of flavoured water late one night and whispered:

"Where have you found such peace?" There was no mirror for Mary to study; it would be days

called me. And God will protect her," he added, his voice breaking.

Joseph's faith was fully justified. As one under special protection, Mary traversed the weary distance. She had walked only a few miles when a small caravan overtook her and offered her a donkey to ride to the next town.

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His Majesty the King with Queen Elizabeth and taken in White Drawing Room of Buckingham Palace. Princess Margaret. This charming family group was



THE KING'S VOICE REACHES TO EVERY HOME IN THE EMPIRE THROUGH HIS CHRISTMAS BROADCASTS. HIS MAJESTY MAKES THESE BROADCASTS FROM HIS COUNTRY ESTATE AT SANDRINGHAM, IN NORFOLK, WHERE THE ROYAL FAMILY TRADITIONALLY SPENDS CHRISTMAS. EDWIN ROTH DESCRIBES SCENES THERE DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

Sandringham. Many of Wolfer-ton's inhabitants work on Sandringham estate. He sleeps in a station only wakes to lively activity when Royal guests arrive.

Immediately after the family's arrival, the Queen begins to supervise the final preparations for Christmas. The whole house is decorated with mistletoe and red-berried holly from the Estate, and the children delight in helping to put up the decorations. Hundreds of Christmas cards are put up on the mantelpieces and sideboards throughout the house, giving a kaleidoscope of colour to the rooms. A 20-foot-high fir tree, specially selected from the woods, is taken into the ballroom, and the King and Queen help servants to decorate it with hundreds of coloured lights, glittering tinsel and glass ornaments which have been in the family for generations, as well as presents in coloured boxes.

On the morning of Christmas Eve, the King and the Duke of Gloucester dress in tweeds and go out shooting pheasants, for which the Estate is famous.

As evening falls, the hundreds of coloured lights are lit on the Christmas tree, reflecting brilliantly in the tinsel and glittering glass decorations. A choir of Royal servants sing carols, which they have rehearsed for many weeks, and the Royal family join in singing the old tunes. From the village, too, parties of carol singers come to sing at Sandringham, and the King hands them money gifts for various charities.

The children have to go to bed first, and after they have gone the rest of the family helps in filling their Christmas stockings. This job is a particular joy for Queen Mary, who has filled them for many years for children, grandchildren, nephews and nieces, and who now takes special care over the stocking of her first great-grandson.

On Christmas morning, the Duke of Gloucester's sons can be counted on to be up first, anxious to look at their presents. Over the breakfast table there is an intimate exchange of presents

between members of the family, who afterwards open their parcels with presents from other people.

There are many presents for the Royal Family, but not nearly as many as most people think. According to strict rules, the Royal Family accept presents only from official bodies, and from close personal friends. In fact, a special staff is engaged ever Christmas in re-wrapping and sending back hundreds of presents from individuals who do not know about this rule.

After breakfast, all members of the Royal Family go to attend Divine Service in the small Sandringham church, which stands on the Estate near Sandringham House. If the weather is at all suitable, they walk across to the Church, while many people line the pathway to see them.

large roll-top desk covered with Christmas cards, and behind the King's left a log fire burns in a corner fireplace bridging two walls. Immediately behind the King is a door leading to the control room, where the engineers work at their switch-board.

Two microphones before the King are not, as is widely believed, gold microphones for his special use. They are two ordinary B B C standard microphones. Each is connected to a telephone line, going by different routes to Broadcasting House, London, so that if one line should break down during the broadcast the other one would still carry the speech. A third line, going to London by yet another route, is held in reserve.

Mr Wood asks the King to read a few sentences of his speech into the microphones, so that the sound volume may be adjusted by the engineers. After a few seconds, Broadcasting House checks back by telephone and all is ready. A few moments before three o'clock the Queen leaves the study and rejoins the party in the lounge, for the King insists on being entirely alone in the room when he broadcasts.

The red light on the King's desk flickers in warning and remains steady. Slowly and carefully, the King reads his speech into the microphones. For him, this is the climax of the year, but his most personal contact of all with countless millions of his subjects all over the world, who listen to him in their own homes. It is not a speech, but a friendly chat to families round their hearth.

When the King has finished and the red light has gone out, the Queen and other members of the Royal Family come into the study to discuss the broadcast. The King asks the engineers how it went off, and he is glad to hear the Broadcasting House telephoned that there was no hitch in the complicated arrangements. For a while the members of the Royal Family chat with the engineers, who are the only "outsiders" at Sandringham on Christmas afternoon.

Between 4.30 and five o'clock, tea is served. There are also birthday cakes for the Duchess of Gloucester and young Princess Alexandra.

After tea, the entire Royal Family go to the ballroom, where the Royal servants and estate workers are assembled round the Christmas trees. Every one of the workers and servants is given a personal present from the tree by the King and Queen.

The evening is spent with family fun. The King and Queen forget their work of State and become the happy parents, the proud grandparents and the adored uncle and aunt. There are coloured hats, crackers, cakes and sweets for the children, who play with their new toys. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret play the piano, and favourite records are put on the radio-gram.

It is one of those occasions when Princess Margaret, the family's most vivacious member and an accomplished actress and mimic, can be counted on to provide most of the fun.

Before the King and Queen leave Sandringham after Christmas to return to Buckingham Palace, there is a special traditional occasion very popular among all at Sandringham. It is the Servants' Ball. During this, the King, the Queen and the Princesses dance with their butlers, footmen and maid-servants.

THE ROYAL FAMILY'S CHRISTMAS

FOR Britain's Royal Family, Christmas means a happy, care-free family gathering in that most informal of all Royal residences, Sandringham House, Norfolk. This is not a castle and no palace, but just a spacious country mansion, standing in a large estate of fir woods and looking like a picture from an old-fashioned Christmas card.

Sandringham is a place full of memories for its owners and guests. The King himself was born in New York Cottage, on Sandringham Estate. King George V spent his last days at Sandringham House, and died there in January 1936. Generations of happy Royal children have found their Christmas stockings packed with gifts in the Sandringham bedrooms, and have sung carols round the Sandringham Christmas tree.

Last year there was a break in the Sandringham Christmas tradition. Unable to travel through illness, the King spent Christmas with his family at Buckingham Palace. This year, with the anxiety for the King's health removed, the Royal Family are again at Sandringham.

The King always likes to have all his family around him at Christmas. With him and Queen Elizabeth at Sandringham are Queen Mary, Princess Margaret, Princess Elizabeth and for his first Sandringham Christmas—little Prince Charles. Prince Philip is spending this Christmas in Malta, where he is on duty with the Royal Navy.

The family party also included the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, with their two children—9-year-old Prince William and 5-year-old Prince Richard—and the Duchess of Kent with her 14-year-old son Prince Edward, and her daughter, Princess Alexandra, who celebrates her thirteenth birthday on Christmas Day.

The same day is also the forty-third birthday of the Duchess of Gloucester.

The Royal Family's preparations begin many weeks before Christmas, when each member of the family buys a large number of Christmas presents. As a family, they are probably the largest buyers of Christmas gifts in the world. Queen Mary, in particular, spends countless hours choosing and supervising the dispatch of her presents, which number several thousand. She always sends out more gifts than her husband, and when King George V died she added to her own long list the people who used to be his special thought.

QUEEN MARY'S presents always include valuable pieces of china, on which she is accepted to be one of the world's greatest experts. Much of the china in possession of various members of the Royal Family has been chosen by her, and she herself is delighted when Queen Elizabeth, one of the Princesses present her with another charming item for her priceless collection.

Queen Elizabeth is an enthusiast for domestic embroidery, and special friends sometimes receive samples of beautiful work done by her own hand.

Some weeks before Christmas, Queen Elizabeth put on an apron and went into the kitchen for a most important function—the mixing of the Christmas pudding. She watched carefully as the chef put into a huge bowl the raisins, plums, almonds, breadcrumbs, eggs and suet which are mixed according to a traditional recipe of the 17th century. When all was ready, she took a large wooden spoon and gave the mixture its first stir—"for luck." The chef and members of his staff then followed in turn.

When the Royal Family go to Sandringham, the Royal train arrives at the small station of Wolfer-ton, a little Norfolk village whose life turns around



Princess Elizabeth with her son, Prince Charles, who will spend his first Christmas at Sandringham this year. The Princess is remaining over the holidays in Malta with the Duke.

The Greatest Story Ever Told

(Continued from Page 4)

from their sins. Then the dream ended.

Slowly Joseph awakened. Eyes open, Joseph found himself muttering a prophecy from old Scriptures—the words of the great Isaiah:

"Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign. Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son."

And then Joseph turned a little cold at a new thought that rushed upon him. He would marry Mary, yes, and help bring up her supernatural son. Joseph did not know it, but even as Mary changed, so he was changing now, changing into a great man. He could do that because he possessed what is called the gift of faith. He would marry Mary. And he would be her most chaste spouse. Lying there in the immeasurable dark, Joseph renewed his betrothal vows.

It had been a very simple wedding in Mary's house; afterwards, Joseph, arm around his bride, led her down the long and muddy street and proudly through the open door.

From their first moment alone together they knew perfect companionship. There was a marriage based on the yearning of soul for soul, unbound to the earth; they were profoundly in love, so that they felt closer than any union possible to mere

bodies, knowing a richness of delight that lay beyond the reach of flesh.

How very curious, Joseph sometimes found himself thinking. While all Israel was in trouble, the people hoping and praying for the promised Deliverer, Mary was carrying in her womb a miraculous child.

"Ah, if it should really be so, Mary—"

"God will show," she whispered, hushed and scared. "We must wait!"

To Bethlehem

ONLY that afternoon new tales had come from Jerusalem of the scheming of Herod to lay new taxes on the backs of the people.

"How can we pay?" a traveller railed. "We are starving already. Our herdsmen tend lambs that they cannot eat. We are all undernourished. More, now, this Arab king is thinking about."

Not long afterwards Joseph learned that this visitor had known what he was talking about—the news came just when Joseph had begun to worry about Mary's condition. The village midwife and Anna had agreed that the time was not far off for her child to be born.

It was then that the word spread through every street in

Nazareth of a new flat from Rome; there was to be an empire-wide census. The word had an ominous sound in Israel; the people had an ancient, almost superstitious aversion to being counted.

But the orders for this colossal undertaking came down straight from the Emperor himself; an imperial command from Caesar Augustus; every one of his subjects was to be enumerated.

"And for what?" asked the little dyer in his shop down the street from Joseph. "Why?"

"Because they are going to increase the taxes and no one must get out of paying."

The most disturbing fact to Joseph was that it meant a long journey for him when he felt he was needed at Mary's side. To journey in Nazareth and be counted was impossible, because under the ruling each person must be registered in the city headquarters of the tribe to which he belonged.

They must leave at once to be in Bethlehem on the appointed day!

The next morning they began their journey.

(TO BE CONTINUED ON MONDAY)

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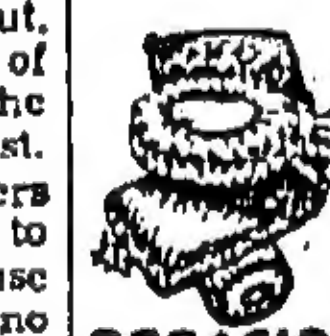
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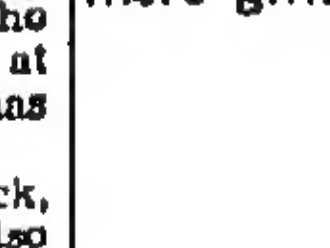


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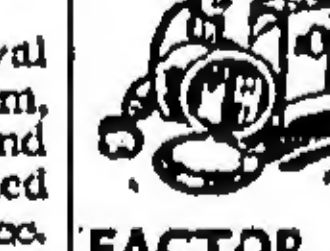
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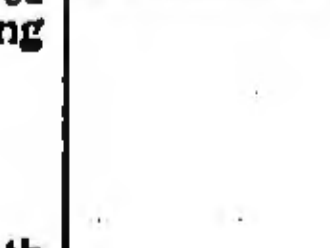
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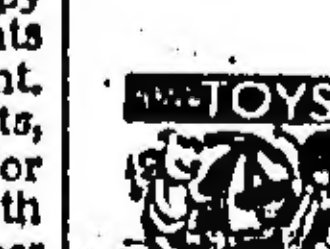
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PETRIFICATION

..... A hanging stocking and a peculiar draught the Christmas holiday experience of childhood that remained vividly in the memory

CURRASHELLISH, my Aunt Una's house, lay about half a mile back from the great sickle beach of Killanachan Bay, just on the edge of the willow-fringed stretch of marshland from which it took its name. (Currasshellish means "the marsh of the willows.") It is many years since I was last there in the flesh to see it, but I can remember every detail of the picture that suddenly formed itself as you turned off the machair road into the long, stony drive.

I could draw it now on this piece of paper: the crazy, although of the house, which was of the Scots Baronial style but built fairly late in the 19th century with a wealth of extravagant ornamentation; the scraggy fir-trees, affording some shelter to the garden but none to the house itself, which would often quiver under the lash of Atlantic gales; and looming behind, away beyond the silver-green marsh and the dark peat-bogs, the humped and ragged bulk of the Scourran mountains.

This, too, I recall clearly: the melancholy warbling of the curlews which inhabited the wet wastelands between the house and the hills. Above the rattling of the old wagonette which would fetch us from the West Highland line station at Killanachan, these mournful cries seemed to contain the very essence of a dead world. I felt that, even as a child, although, of course, I would be incapable of expressing my feeling—except, perhaps, by smuggling up more closely to my mother.

I SPENT many holidays at Currasshellish when I was a small child. Una Macconochie was not really my aunt, but a distant cousin of my mother. She was a widow and had a family of two boys and a girl: Iain, Rory, and Elizabeth. Iain I hardly ever saw, for he was grown-up and had a medical practice in Edinburgh. Rory was usually home from Glasgow University during my visits, but he was normally deep in his studies; in any case, he would have little to say to a boy of six or seven years. Elizabeth, who is four years older than I,

his whiskery face to my mother and said gruffly: "Would you be a believer in ghosts and things of that sort, now, Mrs Campbell?" Mother laughed. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "I should hope not."

"Aye, just so," Mr McGeoch grunted, and turned his head away. "But why did you ask me that?" my mother inquired. "Ach," he said, "it was nothing but a thought passing through my head." And that was that.

Aunt Una and Rory and Elizabeth were at the door to meet us. Their welcome was as warm as ever, but there seemed to be something curious in the air; perhaps it was because I was so young that I could sense it, for adults can be so densely insensitive to the more delicate shades of atmosphere. It was a sense of something being withheld: nothing much, perhaps, but something.

Anyhow, we all had tea together in Aunt Una's sitting room downstairs, and then mother and I went upstairs to our rooms. Rory and Elizabeth helped to carry our cases. Half-way up the dimly-lit staircase, my mother started. "Goodness," she exclaimed, "what on earth is that?"

I looked up. Hanging on the wall above the stairs, a little way above the landing where the bathroom was, there was what appeared to be a human leg, stiff and chalk-white.

My mother moved forward a little and stopped again. "A stocking? But it's—but it's full of something!"

Rory stirred a little, as though impatient, and Elizabeth giggled again. "It's petrified," Rory said.

"Petrified?"

Rory condescended to explain: "Yes; you know—there are wells in some places with water in them that will turn things into stone, limestone. It

was my constant companion when I was at Currasshellish—many years later she almost became my wife, but that is another story.

On the day before Christmas Eve of 1912, my mother and I arrived from Glasgow at Killanachan station, and were met as usual by Mr McGeoch and his wagonette. He was a silent man, not given to small talk of any sort, and it was usual for him on such journeys to say nothing whatever after the normal courtesies had been exchanged. But on this occasion, when we were about half-way along the drive, he turned

must have come out of a well like that."

We passed on upstairs. "What an extraordinary thing!" my mother remarked, and that was all she said about it at the time. I myself was experiencing a curious sort of fear, not so much because of the queer look of the white object hanging from a nail in the wall, as because I must have realised with a child's intuition that Rory and Elizabeth were keeping something from us.

Always on the day of arrival at Currasshellish I was allowed to stay up rather late. That evening we were all in the

dining room, sitting round the fire, the grown-ups talking and Elizabeth and I trying to build a house of playing-cards. A coal fell out of the fire on to the hearth-stone, and my mother, in putting it back with the tongs, got some soot on her hands. She went upstairs to wash, and in a minute or two was back, shivering; she went straight to the fire.

"Err. There are some queer draughts in this house now, Una," she said in a moment.

My aunt looked up from her knitting. Elizabeth gave her sly little giggle again.

"For goodness' sake, shut up!" said Rory irritably to Elizabeth.

"Do be quiet, you two!" my aunt said to them, and then, turning to my mother, she asked her quietly: "What do you mean, Meg?"

"THE queerest thing," mother said uneasily. "When I was up in the bathroom just now, both the door and the window were shut. And then suddenly there was a gust of icy wind on my head. It almost froze me."

"Was that all?" Aunt Una asked.

Mother looked at her curiously. "As a matter of fact, it wasn't all," she replied.

"I know what it was, I know, I know," Elizabeth suddenly began to chant.

"Tell me, then," said my mother, but it was Aunt Una who replied: "When you came over from the wash-basin and opened the door, that gust came again and seemed to jostle you on to the landing. Was that it?"

"Yes," my mother said slowly, "yes, just like that. Is there a crack in the wall or something?" And then she added, before Aunt Una could say anything: "It's strange, though, for it's really quite mild outside—why should the draught be so icy cold, I mean?"

"But it's not a draught, Aunt Meg!" Elizabeth cried, as though on the point of blowing up. "What was the secret she was keeping coked with such great difficulty?"

That was the last holiday I spent at Currasshellish. That summer Aunt Una sold the house and moved to Park Crescent in Glasgow.

MANY years later, when I was nineteen or twenty, Rory and I were talking about the curious business of the stocking.

"What a shock it must have been for Aunt Una!" I remarked.

"Yes, and a bigger one for me," said Rory, with a wry grin.

"What do you mean?"

"On the way over, to Killanachan I stopped and had a good look at the sections of the thing where it had snapped."

"Well?" said I.

"It was a stocking, all right," Rory said, "but there was a leg inside it."

"What?"

"A leg, petrified like the stocking round it. I could see the bones quite clearly."

By ALASDAIR IAN CAMPBELL

FIVE MINUTES EACH WEEKEND—



WITH THE WORLD'S WISEST MEN . . .

PICTURED here is Confucius, famed for 2,500 years as a philosopher (and, to the irreverent, not least for the catchphrase, "Confucius — he say").

WELL, what DID he say? BUT first who was he?

HE was born in a town now part of modern Shanghai. Both parents poor. First job was in a granary where he was noted for fair measure. He became a great teacher. During his 72 years he taught 3,000 students.

IF you had to sum up his philosophy in a single sentence, it would be: you can't have political order without moral order first.

HE used eating, drinking, hunting, and music. He said: "I am not a man of fastidious about food."

Among his comments on life—

TO RECOGNISE what things you know, and what things you do not know—this is wisdom.

I WON'T teach a man who is not anxious to learn. If I explain one-fourth and the man doesn't go back and reflect and think out the implications in the remaining three-fourths for himself, I won't bother to teach him again.

BY LOOKING at a man's faults— you know—the man's character.

I PREFER vulgar people to the snobs.

DO NOT worry about people not knowing your ability, but rather worry that you have not got it.

A GENTLEMAN blames himself while a common man blames others.

POLISHED SPEECH often confuses our notion of what is good and bad.

IT IS man that makes truth great and not truth that makes man great.

WE DON'T know yet about life, how can we know about death?

SIMPLICITY OF character is near to true manhood and loyalty is near to sincerity of heart.

A MAN who has committed a mistake and doesn't correct it is committing another mistake.

A MAN who loves truth (or learning) is better than the man who knows it, and the man who finds happiness in it is better than the man who loves it.

THE SUPERIOR man understands what is right, the inferior man understands what will sell.

A SCHOLAR who intends to follow the truth and is ashamed of his poor dress and poor food is not worth talking to.

A GENTLEMAN is ashamed that his words are better than his deeds.

A YOUNG man loves women, a middle-aged man loves struggle, an old man loves money.

IF A man's natural qualities exceed his training, he is uncultivated; if his training exceeds his natural qualities, he is a little more than an educated lackey. It is only when the natural qualities and the training harmoniously complement each other that we

have the gentleman.

A SUPERIOR man hates those who are sure of themselves and narrow-minded.

EDUCATION BEGINS with poetry, is strengthened through self-discipline, is consummated through music.

READING WITHOUT thinking gives one a disorderly mind.

IN ORDER to understand one's true self, it is necessary to obtain a wide and extensive knowledge of what has been said and done in the world.

IT MATTERS not what you learn, but once you learn a thing you must never give it up until you have mastered it.

AMONG THE means for the regeneration of mankind those made with noise and show are of the least importance.

SENSITIVENESS TO shame is akin to courage.

THAT TYPE of scholarship which is bent on remembering things in order to answer people's questions does not qualify one to be a teacher.

FEEL KINDLY towards everyone, but be intimate only with the virtuous.

LEARNING WITHOUT thought is useless; thought without learning is dangerous.

WHEN YOU see a man of worth, think of how you may emulate him. When you see one who is unworthy, examine your own character.

A YOUNG person should be treated with the utmost respect. How do you know that he will not, some day, be fully equal of what you are now?

IT is the man who has reached the age of 40 or 50 without ever having done anything to distinguish himself who is not worthy of respect.

TO GO too far is as bad as to fall short.

IF, WHEN you look into your own heart, you find nothing wrong there, what is there to worry about, what is there to fear?

DO NOT wish for quick results, nor look for small advantages. If you seek quick results you will not attain the ultimate goal. If you are led astray by small advantages you will never accomplish great things.

IF A man does not constantly ask himself: "What is the right thing to do?" I really don't know what is to be done about him.

LANGUAGE SHOULD be such as fully to convey one's meaning, but no more.

THE ESSENTIALS of good government are: plenty of food, a strong army, and the confidence of the governed.

IF WE could all be courteous for even a single day the hatreds of humanity would turn to love.

THE DUTY of young people is to work hard and leave the wine and cakes to their elders.

YOU CAN cheat an honest man, but you cannot fool him.

TO KNOW what is the straight and honest thing to do, and not to do it, is sheer cowardice.

THE natural qualities of a man are like a horse and a cow. The horse and the cow are not to be compared with each other, but each has its own use.

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ENGLISH SAYINGS ABOUT CHRISTMAS

MANY old adages contain much truth; scientists admit today. Here are a few which were once part of the common speech of the English countryside, together with a sad little doggerel which calls up a picture of a silent, snowy, starlit night:

As far as the sun shines on Christmas,
So far will snow blow in May.

If the sun shines through the apple tree on Christmas Day
there will be good crops the following year.

A Warm Christmas, a Cold Easter,
A green Christmas, a White Easter,

A light Christmas, a heavy sheaf,
Wind on Christmas Day, much fruit,

A wet Christmas makes empty barn and barrel,

Snow at Christmas brings good haycock next year.

In the town of Bowdley in Worcestershire, it was the custom for the bellman (a man authorised to go round a town calling out items of urgent news, articles found or missing, and so on) to make a circuit of the houses in the early hours of Christmas morning, ringing his bell and singing the following doggerel; the last word seems to suggest a heartfelt sigh:

"Arise mistresses, arise,
And make your tarts and pies,
And make your maids lie still;
For if they should rise
and spoil your pies
You'd take it very ill.

Whilst you are sleeping
in your bed
I the cold wintry night
must tread,
Past twelve o'clock.
Ehe!"

Why we eat turkey (when we can get it) on Christmas Day

ACROSS the shires of England as December darkness falls men sit up and watch their turkeys with shotguns, just as the Border farmers once guarded their cattle from the Scottish rovers.

We do not really change so much after all. But today Christmas would not be itself without a turkey.

And yet the most important facts about this astonishing bird are—

1. It has nothing to do with Turkey . . . nothing whatever.
2. It has no traditional, historical or national connection with Christmas.

There is much to be said for the turkey and against him. His staking gets named one of the first dances of our contemporary school of swing, the "Turkey Trot". The way he speaks his mind, noisily, vigorously, and outspokenly, when he flushes and bristles all the 25 quills in his wing and the 18 in his double tail, and the floppy caruncles that hang upon his head stands upright in his wrath, has given the American people a phrase, "to talk turkey" when they mean to talk straight.

LAUGHING STOCK

His innate stupidity and fluster (when wild turkeys gather to cross a stream they do it with the maximum of fuss and bother and usually drop into it when they attempt to fly across) have made the unfortunate creature a laughing stock in both the Americas from which he came.

But the turkey has virtues too. There is no wilder mother than the hen bird, who shepherds her flock of chicks around (turkeys seldom lay more than 15 eggs in a year) and after they have grown competent to care for themselves.

She is zealous to guard them against all enemies, and their greatest enemies are not black marketeers, but their own fathers, who cannot abide the infant bird.

His habitat is America; North America and South America.

In Britain there are two species of turkey, the smaller sort, called the Norfolk Turkey, and the Cambridge Turkey, which has a metallic sheen to its feathers.

The Norfolk Turkey comes from North America and the Cambridge Turkey comes from South America.

Both of them have been in Britain as domestic fowls these 400 years.

THE PILGRIMS

When the first Spanish conquerors of Mexico brought the earliest turkeys into Europe (that was about 1530) Jewish merchants introduced them to Greece, then part of the Turkish Empire.

Sharp-witted Greeks were swift to see a likeness between the new bird and their old lords.

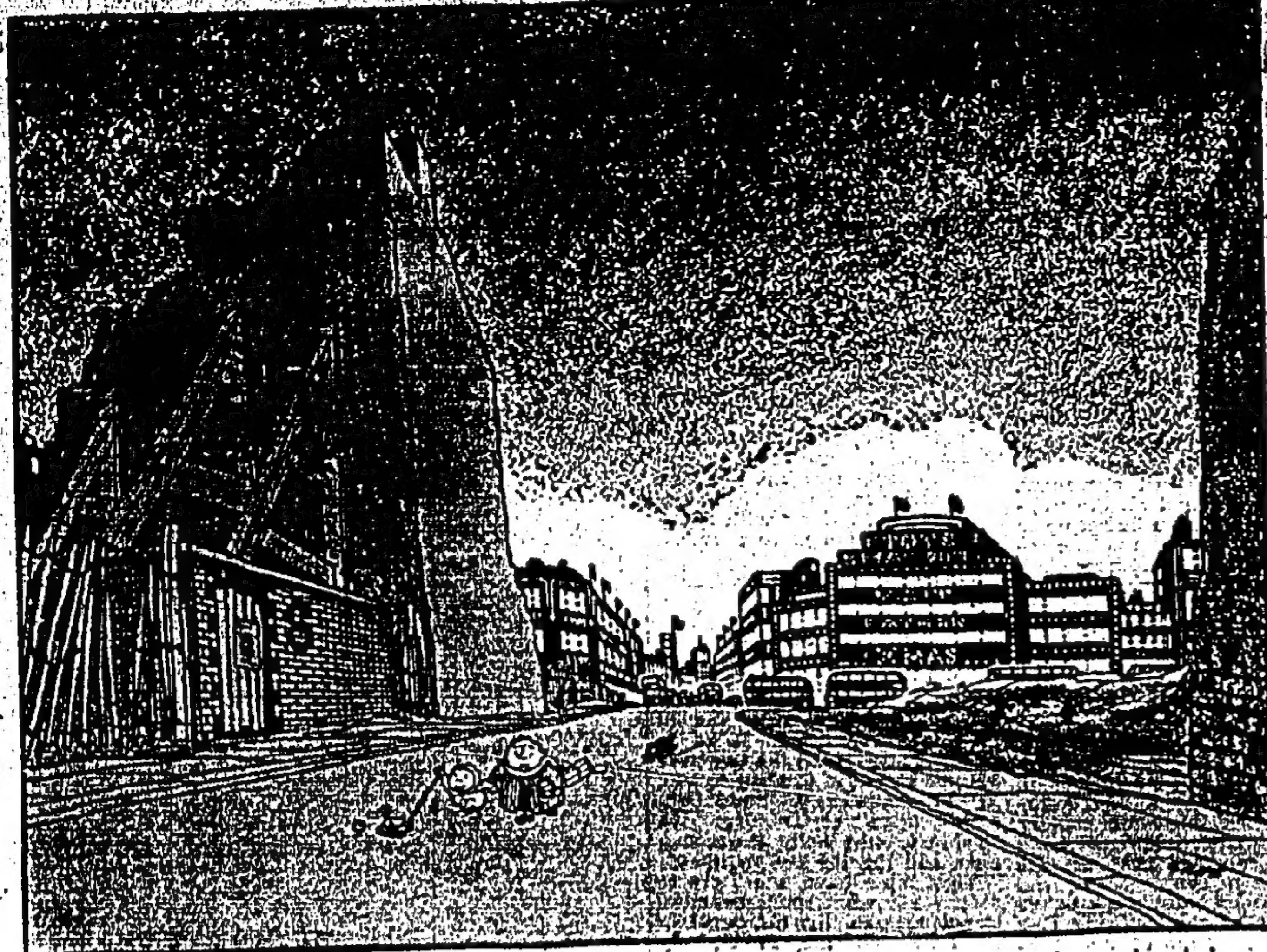
It struck pompously, it was inflated with dignity, above all it had a little red headpiece like the fez cap that a Turk wore. So they called it the turkey.

We ought to call it a Yankoo. True it has been driven out of New England for many years.

But when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, on Christmas Day, 1620, they abounded there.

They slew the big wild birds (the birds we now call turkeys), and solemnly offered up their gratitude for a safe deliverance. These Pilgrims were all Englishmen and women. And their great occasion found its echo in the Mother Country.

That is why we have been eating turkeys on Christmas Day ever since.



"Christmas is not like it was when I was young—we had real tin hats, parties down the shelter, lovely boxes of anti-gas paintment to put on the soles of Auntie Aggie's shoes." London Express Service

WHO WAS GOOD KING WENCESLAS?

The romantic story of a hero prince who was murdered by his brother at the church door

By R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART

Wenceslas's name, and fitted him to a beautiful medieval time which had previously been used for a spring carol. Born in 907, Wenceslas was the grandson of Bořivoj, the first Christian Prince of Bohemia, and of Ludmilla, the first Czech saint. His father, Wratislav, fell fighting against the Hungarians in 920, and during the period of Wenceslas's minority the reins of power were placed in the hands of his mother, Drahomira. Wenceslas and his brother Boleslav were entrusted to the care of Ludmilla.

DRAHOMIRA was no ordinary woman. She was ambitious and loved power. Her fiery character, too, had been only imperfectly suppressed by the adoption of Christianity. Among the Bohemian nobles there were two parties: one Christian and pro-Ludmilla, the other pagan and anti-Ludmilla. Drahomira sided with the pagans and, directly or indirectly, was responsible for the murder of her saintly mother-in-law.

After running considerable dangers, Wenceslas assumed control of his principality in 925. He was then 18. His most important contribution to history was his peace treaty with Henry the Fowler, by making terms with that powerful monarch he saved the Slavs of Central Europe from extinction.

He was, however, too advanced for his times, and his brother Boleslav, secure of the support of the pagan party, determined to murder him. He therefore invited Wenceslas to a banquet at his castle. When Wenceslas arrived, the conspirators had planned to kill him at the banquet. Thrice all him at the banquet. Thrice they stood up with murder in their hearts, "but God, desiring perchance to let the following day (on which as yet no festival fell) become a Saint's Day, did not permit them . . . to accomplish their designs."

The conspirators therefore determined to kill Wenceslas on his way to church the next morning. For this purpose they caused the doors of the church to be bolted so that the Prince could not find sanctuary.

As Wenceslas approached the church, Boleslav ran from his hiding place and struck the first blow. Wenceslas caught the sword with his bare hand, but not wishing to gain his soul with the crime of fratricide, he threw it on the ground. Boleslav's followers then rushed forward, and with swords and spears despatched the unfortunate Prince as he strove in vain to open the church door.

This is the story of the death of Wenceslas, a Christian prince who was murdered by his brother at the church door.

The story of Wenceslas is a romantic one, and it is difficult to know how much of it is true. But it is a story that has been told for centuries, and it is a story that has inspired many people.

The story of Wenceslas is a story of a hero prince who was murdered by his brother at the church door. It is a story that has been told for centuries, and it is a story that has inspired many people.

Catholics all over the world and his own countrymen have invested his name with rich garlands of legend. There are a thousand stories of his saintliness, how he vowed himself to lifelong chastity, how he wore a hair shirt under his magnificent robes. "Thus shining equally before God and man," how he was assiduous at Divine Service and daily made an offering of wheat and threshing the wheat and pressing the grapes with his own hands in order to prepare the bread and wine.

The story of his nightly pilgrimages to the poor dates back to the earliest chroniclers. They relate how, disguised as a forester, and accompanied only by his faithful page, Poldevin, he would go into the woods in the coldest weather to cut wood for the needy. By treading in his master's footsteps the page did not feel the cold. It is this legend which inspired the English carol. Poldevin, incidentally, escaped and fled the country on the morning of his master's murder. Returning later, he seized and slew one of the murderers, but was subsequently captured by Boleslav and hanged on the spot.

Side by side with these legends of the religious Wenceslas stands the legend of Wenceslas or Václav, as the Czechs call him, the patron-saint of Bohemia. Throughout the centuries he has been the saint who has blessed their long struggle for liberty. His lance, borne at the head of the Czech armies, presaged victory. The Hussites, who bore his image on their shields, attributed their successes to his protective influence.

Today, its two most famous lines, Saint Wenceslas, remember thy race, thy people, suffer not us or our children to perish, adorn the great Wenceslas statue on the Wenceslas Square in Prague. Wenceslas, in fact, has become the national hero of his people. His Square in Prague, and the ever Czechoslovakian goes to war, it will be on the steps of his statue that her officers will sharpen their swords.

Very curious is this double interpretation, which has made of Wenceslas to his people a kind of Nelson, and to the rest of the world a symbol of the Christian virtues.

We, in our turn, need not be ashamed that year after year our children learn to teach our children "Good King Wenceslas" and thus to remember the great Bohemian Prince who, possessing great royal

spurned them and gave to the poor. Charity and service to our neighbours are still the greatest and, to put them at their lowest value, the most satisfying of all the Christian virtues. And today, more than ever, the words are true: "Therefore Christian men be sure, Wealth or rank possessing, Ye who now will bless the poor Shall yourselves find blessing."

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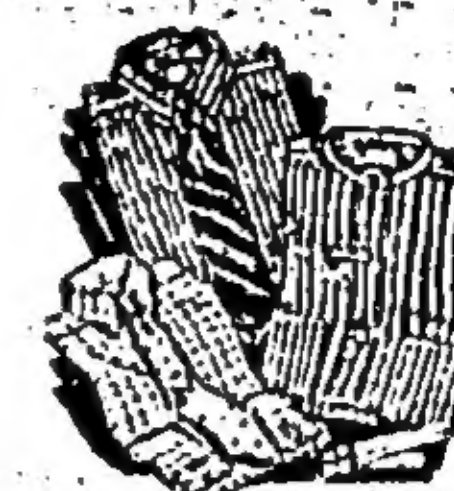
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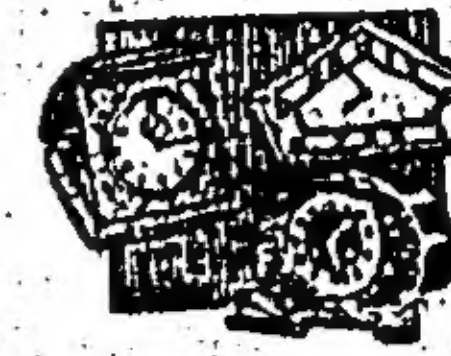
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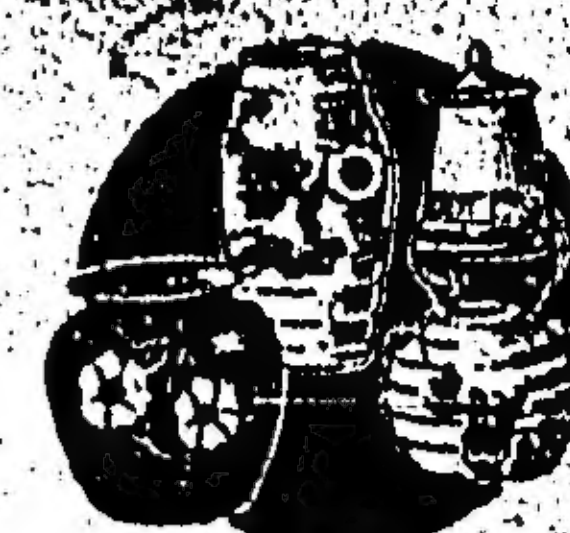
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SAINT FRANCIS STARTED CAROLS

By DR WILLIAM J. PHILLIPS
Organist to the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court Palace

IN the tiny Italian village of Greccio, near Assisi, St. Francis and his brethren made the first Christmas "creche" and sang of the birth of Christ.

St. Francis caused a manger, an ox, an ass, and all the trappings of a stable to be set up in the church, as a realistic reproduction of the surroundings of the first Christmas.

The population flocked to the church with their torches, and the friars sang new canticles, which were listened to with the eagerness of people used to the ministrations and troubadours of the time.

This simple performance in the Tuscan hills at the beginning of the thirteenth century was the real origin of carol singing as well as of the Christmas mystery plays; and since then the only break in the continuity of carol singing took place in the time of the Commonwealth.

In 1652 Parliament even went so far as to forbid the celebration of Christmas, and Evelyn the diarist was arrested for receiving Holy Communion on Christmas Day.

The words of the old carols were always sung to folk tunes. Formerly carolling was identical with dancing as well as singing. In old French, "Carole" signified a dance in a ring. Stonehenge, in Wiltshire, used to be known as the Giant's Carole.

THE CHERRY TREE

UP to the seventeenth century the apprentices were accustomed to dance in the nave of York Minster on Shrove Tuesday, and even today in the Cathedral of Seville the choir-boys perform a religious dance three times a year.

Carols were also sung as a kind of incidental music between the scenes of mystery plays, though later they were incorporated in the plays themselves.

Carols take many different forms. We have, for instance, the story-telling carol, such as The Cherry Tree, which tells how, on their way to Bethlehem, Mary and Joseph passed a cherry tree loaded with fruit. Mary asked Joseph to pick some of the cherries for her, but Joseph brusquely refused, whereupon the tree bent down and offered its fruit to Mary. The Carol of Dives and Lazarus has a certain rough humour:

Dives sent out his merry men

To whip poor Lazarus away,
They had no power to strike a stroke
But flung their whips away.
In the end, when Dives dies,
Two serpents come for his soul:
Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And come along with me,
For you've a place provided in hell
To sit upon a serpent's knee!

CRADLE SONGS

NATURE carols there are in plenty, and quite possibly they derive from some ancient form of tree worship. In particular, the holly and the ivy have become sacred to Christmas, and in old times they have been looked upon as denoting the two sexes—the holly the young men, and the ivy the maidens. Then we have the cradle songs—and what could be more charming than this old carol?

Now tell me sweet, my darling son,
That art to me so dear,
How should I keep thee every day
And make thee glad of cheer?
For all thy will I would fulfil,
Thou knowest it well in lay;
I will thee lull, And make thee bliss,
And sing thee lullaby, Oh, lovely Lady, Mother dear.
Take thou me up aloft And set me down upon thy knee
And dandle me full oft, Within thine arms
Thou'lt keep me warm And guard me night and day;
And if I weep And do not sleep,
Then sing Bye-bye, lullay.

THE WASSAIL

THE Wassail is one of the oldest known forms of the English carol. Most of the great Christmas festivals were grafted on to the feast days of the heathen gods, so that in many of our carols today we find the old Saxon toast of "Was hael" and "Drink hael."

The following, from Poor Robin's Almanack for 1695, shows how royally they feasted: Now thrice welcome Christmas Which brings us good cheer
Mince pies and plum porridge,
Good ale and strong beer: With pig, goose, and capon The best that can be.
So woe doth the weather And our stomachs agree.
Christmas would not be Christmas without the carols.

Diana Has Toboggan Trouble



DIANA DORS, the young star of the J. Arthur Rank Organisation, had a little toboggan trouble when she set out to deliver her Christmas presents. But a little upset will not spoil Diana's Yuletide spirit.

YOU CAN DODGE THE CHRISTMAS HANGOVER . . . by

ANTHONY WEYMOUTH

DON'T be persuaded into foolish feeding at Christmas merely because other people are doing themselves too well.

Please don't think of me as a spoilsport. As a doctor, I know how stimulating a little relaxation of your usual habits can be. A few days' break and a thorough change from your ordinary occupations do more to tone up your mind and body than a pint or two of so-called "tonics".

At the same time it is a poor policy to return to your work after Christmas with a head which feels like exploding any minute—so don't be misled by superstition into thinking that you'll have a year of luck if you eat a mince pie every day

between Christmas and Twelfth Night. You are much more likely to get a bilious attack.

I suggest that you divide the festivities which accompany Christmas into two groups—those which are harmless and those which need watching.

AMONG the first group are mistletoe and burning the Yule log. As you probably know, mistletoe, being an evergreen, is symbolic of life—it is green when the leaves of ordinary trees have died for the winter. Custom says that you can have as many wishes as there are berries on the branches.

The Yule log, alas! is only for those fortunate people living in the country. Its name is derived from lol, a wheel, and symbolises the passing of the seasons.

But, if you are lucky enough to be able to add the Yule log to your celebrations, don't forget that it must be brought home on Christmas Eve.

Then there is the stocking. This must be hung at the right spot—which is near enough to the fire for presents to be dropped down the chimney by Santa Claus to be caught in it.

This custom, I believe, originated from the fourth century saint, Nicholas of Myra, who was so shy that he hated doing his acts of charity in daylight or where he could be seen. So he once climbed a roof and dropped a purse of gold down the chimney! (Santa Claus is a corruption of Saint Nicholas).

YOU'LL probably agree that all these doings are harmless enough. Now we come to the other group, those which need watching.

And what needs watching at this season is—food. You may not have seen either a turkey or a plum pudding for twelve months and you feel ready for the result. As the Dutch say, "You lay your ears back in readiness".

First comes the turkey, accompanied, like a general with his staff, by sausages, stuffing, sauce, gravy and two kinds of vegetables.

And, at this point, let me explain that there is no need for you to choose turkey in preference to other birds, merely because you think that you are following long-established custom. For the turkey is a newcomer and was, in fact, introduced only in the sixteenth century.

Plum pudding, too, is a newcomer. It was unknown until about 1730. Very nourishing this dish is. (And that's the trouble—there is too much nourishment about at Christmas time.)

MINCE pies follow as a ritual: dessert, almonds and raisins, crystallised fruits, oranges, chocolates.

I've just worked out how much in excess of our requirements you and I eat at the Christmas dinner. This is the result: "One meal such as we eat on this day contains enough calories for two whole days. And when it's followed by a hefty tea, and a solid supper, no wonder the disgusted stomach rebels."

Well, that's that. What is to be done about it? I'll tell you my scheme for Christmas Day.

First, a light breakfast—no bacon, eggs, or sausages. Some fruit, toast, and coffee. You know the sort of thing. Then we either have our Christmas dinner in the middle of the day in the evening. BUT NOT BOTH.

If the former, then supper is very light. If the latter, we have soup and sandwiches for lunch, and insist on a walk between the midday and the evening meal. And cut out that afternoon tea; for I agree with the Frenchman who described this meal as a "reflection on your lunch and an insult to your dinner".

DR JOHNSON once said: "Sir, I can abstain, but I cannot be moderate." And it is because I believe that most of us, if we are honest enough to admit it, are built in the same way that I advise only one good meal on Christmas Day. It is easier to abstain when the food isn't there than to see it and be moderate.

And I cannot doubt that your stomach, and mine are in capable, however willing, of dealing satisfactorily with two really heavy meals on the same day.

All the same, I think that you may exceed your usual ration on this great day, at one meal, and, in all probability, you'll get away with it. But don't risk two.

Not only do I wish you a happy Christmas. But (if you take my advice) I think you'll have a happy (and comfortable) New Year.

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THE CUSTOM OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

By
E. BEREFOED CHANCELLOR

THE old Italian proverb which runs, "He has more business than English owns at Christmas," sufficiently indicates the world-renowned character of our Yuletide festivities. Indeed, from the Royal Household downwards all classes were wont once to celebrate this season with observances more complex and peculiar than is the custom now.

The Mummings and the Lord of Misrule, or Christmas Prince, as he was sometimes called, whose pleasant duty it was, according to old Slow, "to make the most pastime to delight the nobles," are things of the remote past, and our naturalists are conducted with a restraint which, if it does not exactly bear out the dictum of the French as to the way in which we take our pleasures, is at least in marked contrast with the manner in which we were formerly accustomed to enjoy them.

Nowadays four things may be said specially to characterise an English Christmas—the decoration of churches and houses, the waits, the Christmas pudding and the Christmas tree.

The supremacy of the Christmas pudding remains unchallenged, and it is eaten with a disregard of consequences by all good Englishmen, who, as has been well said, never know when they are beaten.

THE waits, like the poor, are always with us; but they differ among themselves every whit as much as Caesar tells us the various part of Gaul did. They can, on occasion, be musical, and sometimes they actually are when, say, the village choir chooses to roam nightly; but too often their almost fiendish delight in murdering sleep—(like Macbeth)—with the

blare of brass, is a poor substitute for the voices and strings of a less sophisticated age. Many people suppose that, in connection with such observances as these, the Christmas Tree is part and parcel of the old English Christmas; but this is hardly the case.

As a matter of fact, our Christmas Tree, hung with lights and tinsel and multi-coloured trifles, the delight and wonder of childhood; is to be traced to Germany, where it was a very ancient institution, with which the grave Luther is pleasantly identified. There is extant a print showing the Great Elector with his family, singing carols around an illuminated and bedecked Christmas Tree; while his association with the festival is brought home to us still more clearly when we remember that in his more youthful days, to figure among the waits. "At the time of the festival of Christ's birth," he writes, "we went from house to house, and village to village, singing popular Christmas carols in four-part harmony."

THE introduction of the Christmas Tree into our festivities is actually of relatively recent date, and as a popular symbol of the season, probably owed its origin to that member of the household of Queen Caroline (the wife of George IV) who is said to have constructed what he called a Christmas Tree for a party of children in London. It is described as being "a branch of an evergreen fastened on a board, hung with silk, oranges, almonds, etc., and having beneath it a model of a farmhouse with figures of men and animals."

Modern, therefore, as the Christmas Tree is in England, on the Continent it was of very ancient date, and no doubt had its prototype in Egypt, that land of mystery where it was customary to represent the year

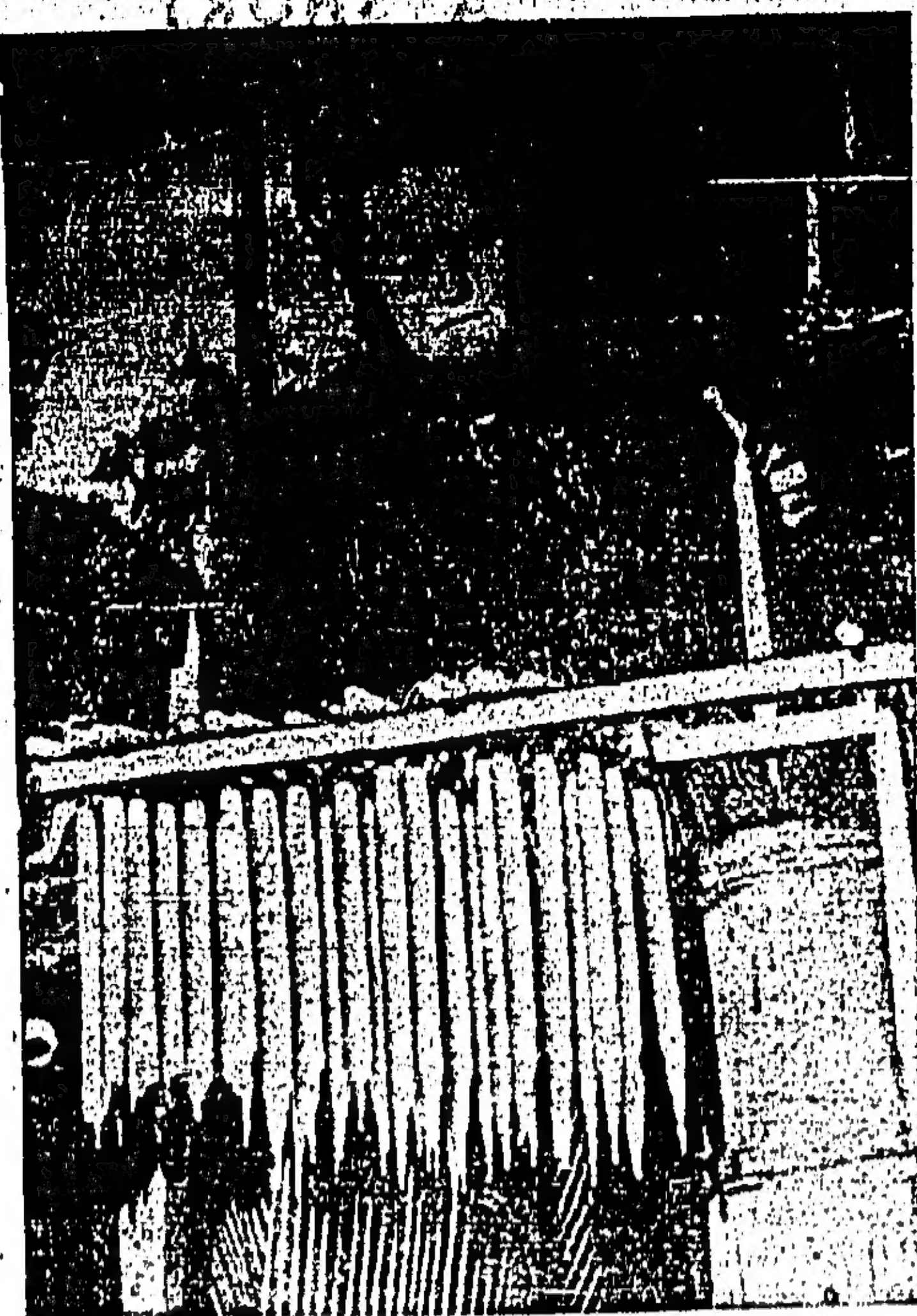
by a palm tree, and each month by one of its branches, because, as Volney tells us, "it is the nature of the tree to produce a branch every month," and a spray of palm bearing twelve shoots was used by the Egyptians at the time of the winter solstice to symbolise the completion of the year.

The custom seems to have entered Europe by way of Italy, where the palm was replaced by a fir tree, which was decorated with lighted tapers in honour of Saturn. Its passage from the Continent to English shores was a belated one, but once introduced it caught the popular imagination to such an extent that it remains today, when so many earlier observances have disappeared, the most cherished emblem of the season which "comes but once a year."



"They've forgotten where they hid the presents. Do you think we ought to tell them?"

Christmas Custom



Mrs. Elin Karlsson of Sorunda County, Stockholm, dressed in traditional shawl and cap, makes her own candles at home for the celebration of Christmas. Here she is hanging up a few sticks of the tallow to be dried as part of the final process of an age-old formula.

Mixed Battery Celebrating Christmas

By ERNEST TURNER

WHEN the ATS began to go about with mistletoe in their hair and the light of battle in their eyes you know that Christmas was coming to the 99th Heavy (Mixed) Anti-Aircraft Battery, Royal Artillery.

There was already a "lift" in the air because the guns had fired a couple of days before, and even though no noticeable distress had been caused to the Luftwaffe the fact of firing raised everybody's spirits. The Quartermaster was especially pleased, as he was now able to attribute the recent breakage of three inventory pans to gun blast and thus avoid levying a charge for barrack-room damages. People with houses adjoining the gunsite were less pleased, but they plugged up their broken windows with card-

board and tried to pretend that it was all in a good cause. Quite a number of characters changed for the better as Christmas approached. For once the BSM visited the site on a purely goodwill mission instead of for the purpose of lighting a fire in a remote corner and timing the arrival of the fire plouet.

Private Jean Smith and Corporal Sally Tubbs, who in the ordinary way cultivated exclusively the society of American fliers, were good enough to remain in the camp on their evening off and join in a sing-song in the Naa.

Lieutenant Rogers, who was wont to make unexpected descents on the Information room in the evenings, under the impression that it was being used for other purposes than acquiring information, decided to live and let live (for a couple of days anyway).

THE Junior Commander ATS had got over her huff. She had selected her six best-looking ATS for a special parade, only to see them rejected by the Colonel, who had other standards of pulchritude. He had chosen just the ones you would expect a man to choose. Now, however, the Junior Commander had decided she must live it down, and was ordering the Christmas dinner with imagination and efficiency.

Yes, there was an improvement all round. It even seemed that the Major was going to unbend to the extent of allowing the male Sergeants to take tea to the ATS on Christmas morning. But the Major knew that a man's footsteps over the threshold of an ATS hut was liable to lead to a question in the House of Commons, and he was taking no chances. His idea that in any case revelling in an ATS barrack-room was a scene from which Hogarth might have shrunk. Nobody knew how he came to possess this knowledge.

CHRISTMAS morning saw officers and sergeants of both sexes carrying buckets of tea into the appropriate barrack-rooms, waking up sleepers who would just as soon have stayed asleep. Everyone tried to be hearty, though there were quite a few who only cursed tradition. Then the officers and sergeants staggered back to bed.

The only parade that morning was for singing carols. Even Gunner Brown, a notorious dissenter, attended. The local minister, called in for the occasion, was in a jovial mood. "Think of a number," he would say to the congregation, in the manner of a conjuror addressing his audience. Someone would call "Five," so they

would sing Carol Number Five. And so on. It was all very unorthodox. For once the final "Amen" was not immediately followed by the cry "Three ranks in the roadway!" It was all very refreshing.

Dinner was the big event. The dining hall was so garlanded and beflagged that you could not read the exhortations to save bread, and to come with clean hands. There was a special holly wreath on the piece of Heinkel which the battery had winged a year before. At one end of the hall were three barrels of beer, presented by the officers, who also had the privilege of serving it. Nobody refused beer, not even the youngest and dullest flak maiden.

THERE was mistletoe hung at strategic points around the hall, and this delayed the serving of the meal somewhat. Captain Richards was the principal victim. They always pounced on him when he had both hands full. His handkerchief at the end showed more shades of lipstick than you could find on a colour chart by Elizabeth Arden. To win a wager, Gunner Tomkins kissed the Junior Commander, which was no hardship. When the Major kissed the Junior Commander there was loud applause, against the background of which a female voice was heard expressing the belief that it probably wasn't the first time. Lieutenant Smithson, a newcomer to "mixed," said that this stimulating blend of Bacchus and Venus was probably as near as he would ever get to the atmosphere of a Roman orgy.

Nuts were served to round off the meal. This was a mistake, as nuts are so useful as ammunition. The beer barrels were by now empty. Nobody felt much like attending the football match, least of all the players, so it was just as well that visiting team failed to turn up. Everybody had a lazy afternoon under the blankets—except the officers and sergeants, who had to wash up, serve the mess staffs, wash up again, eat their own dinner and then wash up for the third time.

THERE was a dance in the evening, preceded by amateur theatricals, full of libellous innuendo. Lieutenant Rogers was depicted lecturing on the British Way and Purpose to a choir of angels. There was a hysterical scene in a haunted barrack-room, the girl occupants of which withstood every kind of blood-curdling apparition, but picked at the end when one of them saw a mouse. And, of course, Sergeant Richmond gave his celebrated mime

of an ATS getting undressed and into bed. L/Cpl Jane White, straight from "Jankers," sang "I'll walk beside you," and received much sympathetic applause. Then Sergeant Alice Grant gave the hula-hula dance which, her jealous colleagues averred, was the cause of her rapid promotion at training centre.

Probably the reason why the ATS enjoyed the dance so much was that the ATS officers forebore to enquire why half of them were wearing slacks instead of Service dress, and why their hair in many cases was no longer two inches above the collar. Private Polly Jackson expected any moment to be asked, "Jackson, have you been using scent?" But her crime, if noticed (and it was abundantly noticeable) went unpunished.

The BSM, who was compering, laid on a kiss waltz, saying, "The music will stop, the lights will go out for five seconds, and the gentlemen will do what is expected of them." It happened that Lieutenant Rogers was dancing with Gunner Walter's fiancée, but there wasn't much that Gunner Walter could do about it. (He was a jealous fellow, and didn't like other NCO's urging his fiancée, who was a cook-house orderly, to get a move on). It also happened that Private Joan Jenkins was dancing with Captain Richards, who was the only person in the camp who didn't know that Private Joan had a "crush" on him.

AFTER that romantic interlude there were action songs, including the one which finished: "The moon was shining brightly, 'Twas a night that would banish all sin, For the bells were ringing for the Old Year Out, And the New Year in."

The idea, of course, was to make exaggerated gestures appropriate to each line. It was felt that the Major's interpretation of "sin" was as daring as anybody's. To see the battery making a fool of itself collectively, was a refreshing sight.

Soon after this the shutter descended on the beer bar and the dance began to die. Three Free French sailors had been invited to the dance. They had not lacked partners, though, or two of the girls had found the Provencal technique a bit swift. Lieutenant Rogers, who always took the job of Orderly Officer seriously, thought he would see them safely off the site. It took him twenty minutes, and in the end he had to call out reinforcements.

In the sergeants' mess Christmas night was celebrated longer than anywhere else. Jenks, the batman, swore next day that when organising an early cup of tea from the cookhouse he saw the male sergeants retrieving their bedding from the static water tank. Apparently they had had a very good party indeed.

Talking about Music . . . Don't look to me for unbiased opinion

A MUSIC critic should in the first place give an account of himself, for he practises an odd and suspected trade. His job is more difficult than that of the dramatic or book critic; he is on a much trickier wicket.

He has to deal with a "foreign" language, with an intangible art addressed to him and to the rest of us out of another dimension, so to say. Often he is bound to feel like a bogus spiritualist medium, faking messages from the next world.

by NEVILLE CARDUS

He will take the whole music world as his province; he will write about music and musicians, concerts, composers, orchestras and performers.

His articles will appear regularly and —

Exclusively



Into the sun, dazzled with the urge and cleverness given him by the fates. Master of the orchestra at 24, an orchestra of the age of gold and grass, the orchestra of Midas. . . .

The scientific school in general, and Mr Newman in particular are not, they say, interested in anybody's interpretation of music, no matter how well written. They are concerned only with the composition "as in itself it really is," and with the composer's mind and his processes of thought.

COMPOSERS

But nobody, not even Mr Newman can resist altogether the bias or pull of his temperament and his particular order of education. Only the Almighty is empowered to see things "under the conditions of eternity."

The joke is that whenever the great composers themselves have spoken about their own music they have most times preferred to express themselves in this very same despised language of verbal or literary analogy. Somebody once asked Beethoven the "meaning" of one of his piano sonatas. "Read The Tempest," he said.

As a last resort the music critic might fill out his column by referring to the performance. But who, except the singer herself, her relations and friends and those who don't like her, are really interested to read in the paper next day that at the Wigmore Hall last night Miss Glottis-Quick sang "The

In this column I shall try to see to it that enjoyment of music — like charity — begins at home. But I must utter a word of warning at the outset.

If anybody looks to me for unprejudiced opinions he is likely to suffer some disappointment. After all, my prejudices may occasionally be only your preferences; and, anyway, it is hard and dull to tolerate everything and everybody.

As Oscar Wilde said, only the auctioneer should attempt to appreciate all schools of art.

London Express Service.



Why, Edith, just what I'll need . . . a new cheque book!

ABSTRACT

The critic of books can point out that a novelist's characters are, or are not, "like life." The dramatic critic can describe the enchanting way Edith Evans as Daphne Laureola gets drunk. Also he can draw attention to the fact that another character in the restaurant scene of the same play leaves the stage, not obviously to assist the development of the plot, but nevertheless to assist the illusion that we are looking at human nature very much, if deliberately, in action.

The painter, too, is obliged to keep in touch with the familiar visible universe. Even the surrealist may do his damndest and give us a triangle struck by lightning against a background of Welsh rarebit and call it "Metempsychosis B."

But, all the same, the triangle (and the Welsh rarebit) will be recognisable at sight, or maybe second sight. His work can be described — and detected.

But music, sounding air, "beauty in the abstract, beauty in solution" what can any man's pen do with it?

There are only two ways in which the critic may expect to cope. He will impress many folk, of course, if he goes in for "analysis"; we all know the kind. "The principal subject, hitherto only heard fiercely in the piccolo (sforzando) is transferred hopefully to the violas, until we come to a close on the dominant of D minor." This sort of writing is Chinese to the average reader; and the musician knows all about it, and more than all, already.

GIBBERISH

No music critic of humour has time for such gibberish. He is thrown back on literary or verbal analogy, a method out of fashion nowadays, and if practised in public likely to arouse the ire or irony of Mr Newman.

This sort of thing: "At the age of 24 Strauss plunged into the vortex of 19th century music; he was his own 'Don Juan,' sending his young eagles

C.V.R. Thompson Christmas Thoughts In New York

NEW YORK. It is already like Christmas in New York. They are putting up trees to match the skyscrapers, and Fifth Avenue blazes by day and night with coloured lights.

The shops, bulging with everything to tempt a child or an adult, are jammed. Mr Lee Wood, a New York editor, saw all this and thought of Britain. The result was seen in his newspaper. It said: "Our friends in Britain face another cheerless Christmas season their fifth since the war. They are short of almost everything which most of us consider necessary to a happy celebration."

"Why not share your Christmas this year with a friend in Britain? Gifts of food can be shipped duty free. If you do not know any British people personally there are agencies that will gladly send food packages for persons who need them and will enjoy them."

And the newspaper? It is the New York World Telegram, which earlier this year published the critical articles by E. T. Leach on Socialist Britain.

stops spending money that it has not got. William Grede, the association's financial expert, told Congress that the national debt may soon get so large that the dollar will have to be devalued. His remedy: The Government must be taught to pay bills, and should cut next year's spending by \$3,000 million or more.

OPINION: The local newspaper in Moscow, a small Idaho town, started a campaign to adopt a more American name. Said the paper: "Moscow suggests many painful things. Somehow, we cannot help feeling uneasy about having Moscow in Idaho. Sort of like having a sheriff named Hitler."

SUNBATHING on the Florida beaches, President Truman escaped the blast from an "explosion" he had timed to go off while he was away from Washington. The explosion was caused by direct fire from the Government announced to stop unequal treatment of Negroes.

From now, no housing projects which restrict their tenants to any particular race, colour, or creed will be able to use Government money. Said Washington: "The President is most happy over the results of his efforts."

of the union workers at one of New York's largest department stores, and he turned over union funds to advertise in the newspapers for more customers for the store.

"Wait and see," said Miller, arguing that it was in the union's interest for the employer to make more money. The other union men had to take it all back. The store announced that business had improved so much because of the union's advertising that everyone would get an extra \$1 a week.

ART: Hollywood's plan to attract women audiences by what they call "beefcake" — advertising pictures which show mainly heroes in bare-chested poses — has given the calendar people an idea. Some of their 1950 productions will feature massive, muscled pin-up boys.

HOME: In my grocer's the other day I found dough for sale. It comes ready mixed and neatly baked by a process discovered accidentally by an ex-G.I. It keeps fresh for a fortnight, and half an hour in a hot oven turns it into "homemade" — crisp, new bread or rolls.

BUSINESS: Off to Washington is a committee of America's leading silk goods manufacturers. They are to demand a 10 per cent tariff to stop dumping from occupied Japan.

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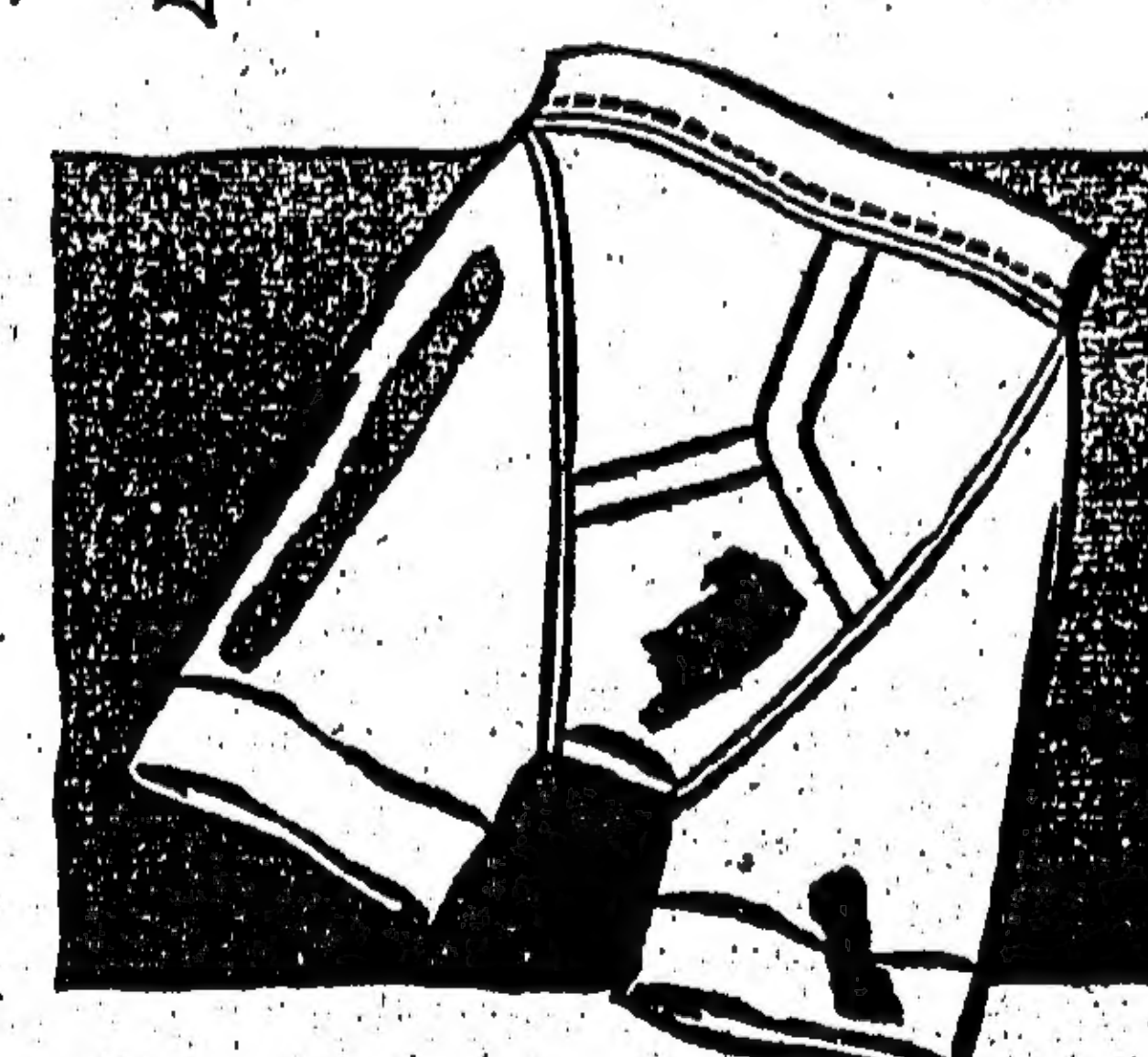
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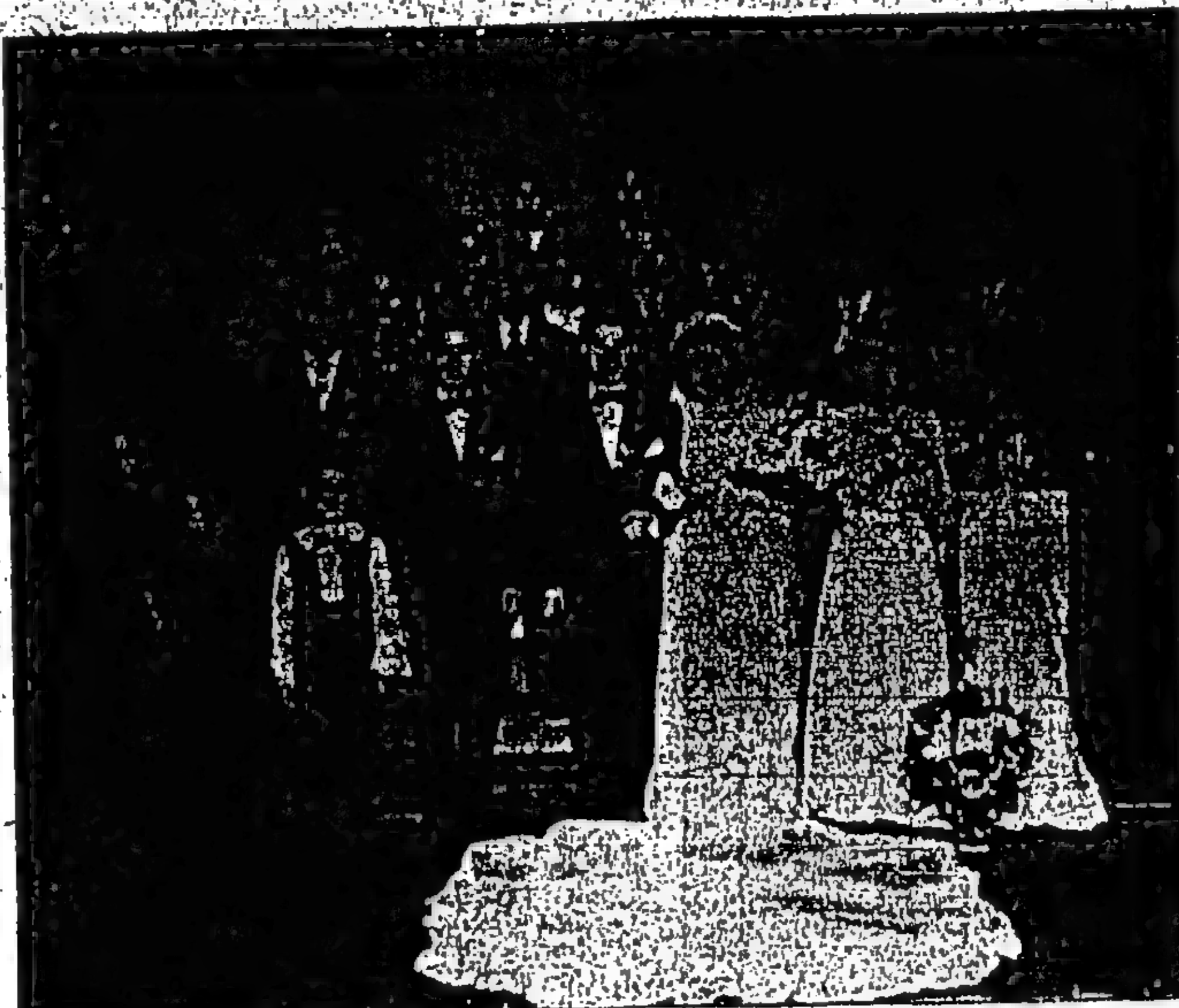
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Her last knowledge was the hard outline of a r pressing into her neck. Th she lay still, her face in snow, and the flakes eager savagely covered her.



HE the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, speaking at the opening of the annual exhibition of the Hongkong Art Club, held at St John's Cathedral Hall this week. Below: Mr A. E. Nobbins, chairman of the Club, addressing members at the annual dinner last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE wedding of Mr Chen Yuk-lun and Miss Wong Yee-ling took place at the Hongkong Hotel this week. This group picture was taken on the occasion. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



SCENE from the Hongkong Stage Club's production of Mary Hayley Bell's two-act play, "Duet For Two Hands," presented at the China Fleet Club Theatre last week. (Ming Yuen)



PICTURE taken at St Andrew's Church after the christening of Barbara Joanne, infant daughter of Insp. and Mrs E. Franklin. (Mainland Studio)



MRS F. Goodwin presenting tennis prizes at the Kowloon Cricket Club last Sunday. The occasion was followed by a very successful tea dance. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

THE graduating class of Bolliot Girls' School, photographed with the Principal, Miss E. G. Stephenson. Right: prizes being presented by Mrs R. R. Todd. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Group picture taken after the christening of Rejnier Frans, son of Mr and Mrs F. P. M. Driesson, at St Joseph's Church.

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UPPER picture shows Bishop Hall laying the foundation stone of the new St Stephen's College Chapel at Stanley last Saturday. Canon E. W. L. Martin (lower photo) laid the foundation stone of the College's swimming pavilion. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE new Cheero Club, situated on Murray Parade Ground, was opened by His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, on Wednesday. In upper picture, Mr D. Benson, chairman of the Committee, is seen speaking on the occasion. Lower picture: scene at the refreshment counter. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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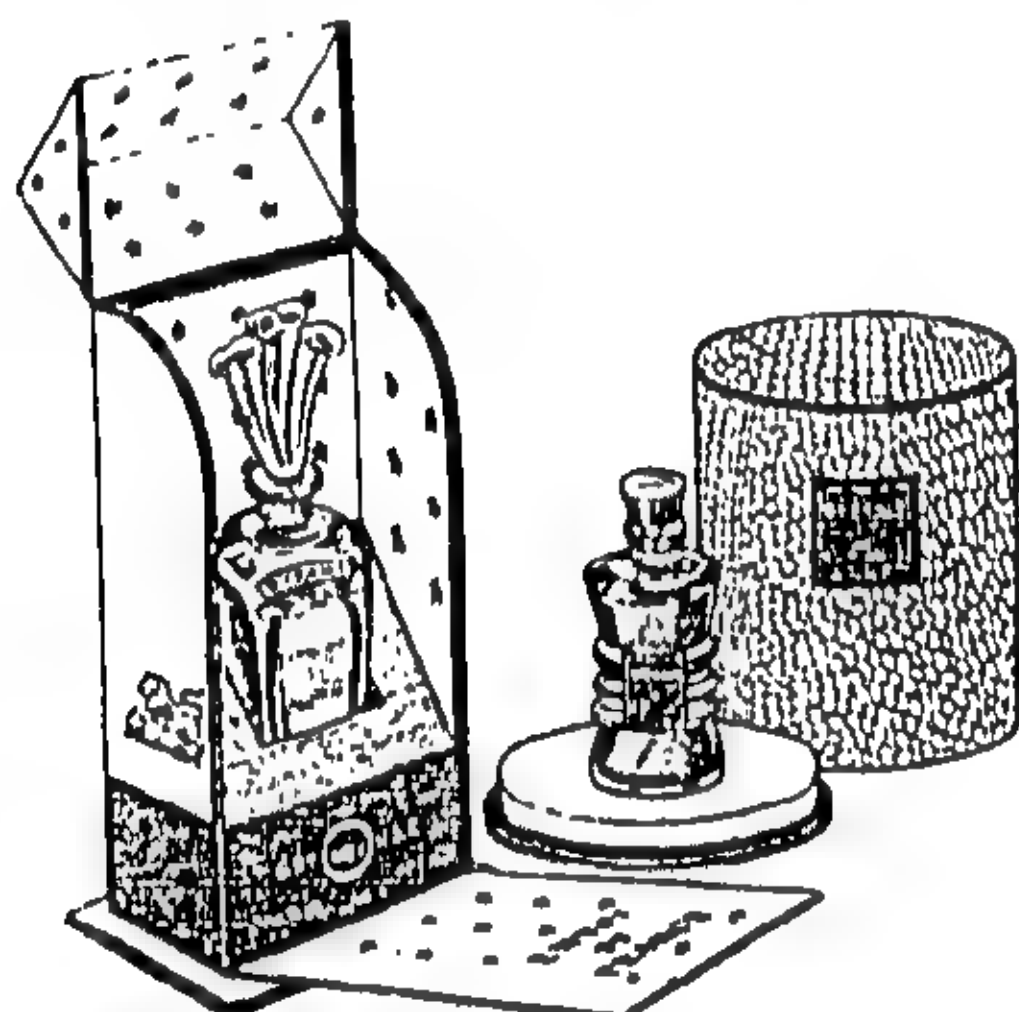
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WOMANSENSE AT YULETIDE

ROMANTIC DRESSES FOR AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS

By Eve Lovegreen

THIS Christmas will be a real "button and bows" affair to delight the feminine heart, for party dresses are at their loveliest and most romantic. The tie-silk or taffeta which has been languishing in your wardrobe as "too elaborate for everyday" really comes into its own—it is just what you need this Christmas to look festive and well-dressed.

There is a rich variety of colors and fabrics to choose from: soft brocades, rustling taffetas, sophisticated moires in such shades as peacock green, burnt orange, copper brown or ruby red.

Victor Stiebel makes the cocktail dress illustrated below on the right—it is in black moire, with shoulder line, new cape and shoulder line, dress you can wear for cocktails or informal parties; it would even double as a "short" evening dress worn with suitable accessories.

These new short evening dresses are an answer to a

prayer for the woman who has to keep a strict eye on her budget. Many of them are made with strapless tops in some glamorous material such as sequinned velvet or cloth of gold. The skirt is a dark, contrasting color. But the clever feature is a short hug-me-tight jacket which slips over your bare shoulders to give you a dress that will take you out to tea in the afternoon, on to cocktails, and finally dancing.

ELEGANCE

EVENING dresses are at their most romantic—there is a hint of the crinoline and 18th century elegance about some of the full skirted models shown. Illustrated on top left is a formal ball dress by Frederick Starko in peach-blue tulle. Its only trimming is sequin embroidery. The tightly swathed cummerbund waist and full, billowing skirt make it a perfect choice for Christmas balls.

Apart from the Christmas, most of us feel dissatisfied with our everyday clothes at this time of the year and long for some miracle to change them all to make them look different. Take heart, there are innumerable ways in which accessories can be used to brighten up everyday clothes and give them a festive air.

Stoles are first on the list. They can be in almost any material—wool, jersey, silk, or even heavy cotton. Draped elegantly round your shoulders, they completely alter the appearance of a tired dress, and have the added advantage of keeping you warm. They are worn with suits with day and evening dresses—and give unlimited scope for ringing the changes.

SCARF FUN

SCARVES are fun and very becoming. Tuck a lemon chiffon scarf into the neck of a parma violet dress; drape a multi-colored one round your shoulders; or twist a long one round your waist cummerbund fashion, with the ends hanging down.

Belts play their part, too, in the Christmas scene. This season they are worn on bloused-back suits, usually very narrow. Follow through on dresses with narrow belts in contrasting colors and small gilt buckles. If you are handy with a needle, make a brightly-colored silk belt with pockets attached, so that when you put it on the

pockets jut out over the hips. Peplums are the easiest things in the world to make. A frothy tulle one in sugar pink or ice blue will transform a plain black dress into a party piece.

Flowers are now used as accessories in a host of different ways, and are a sure method of making you look and feel in party mood. Don't stop at pinning a solitary bloom to one shoulder of your dress. This year flowers are worn in the most unexpected places. A single red rose is tucked into the belt of a dress, a posy peeps out of a pocket, or you can make a "bracelet" of flowers and wear it on your wrist. Even anklets of flowers are being worn with the short evening dresses, and I have seen three full-blown roses coyly tucked into a bustle!

Why is it that blue-eyed blondes never wear anything but blue? True, their eyes are blue, but they may not be the same blue; there are so many different shades and subtle overtones that it is difficult to be certain. Really, golden blondes should try wearing primrose yellow or light navy, both colours keyed to suit their particular colouring.

There are several colours to suit every type of skin and hair tone. Lime green—thought by many to be a "difficult" colour, only proves to be so if worn by someone with a sallow skin, but worn by the girl with mid-brown hair and medium complexion, it is an immediate success. It takes her out of the "mousy" class, makes her vivid and alive.

In the same way a creamy-skinned redhead should desert her old standby, green, and try, instead, a deep shade of violet. The result is striking and original.

GAY COLOURS

THERE are some gay and unusual colours to be seen this season—but many women are a little afraid of branching out into a new colour scheme. They find one colour which, they feel suits them, and they govern deviate from it.



Coloured Christmas Trees Are Popular This Season

By ELIZABETH TOOMEY

AN old-fashioned Santa Claus tree made of coloured balls can be piled up in a few minutes as a table or mantle decoration.

Birch suggested using an ordinary large knitting needle with a flat end for the central stem. Then slip round Christmas tree balls in graduated sizes over the stem.

"I first used pink Christmas trees with chartreuse ball decorations to decorate a department store," Leo Aronstam noted. "The store kept getting requests for duplicates. I guess people just got tired of red and green."

One company that ships real Christmas trees to a wide area is sending them out this year in pale blue, pink, or any pastel colour requested. The ornament manufacturers followed by toning down their baubles to more delicate shades.

A tiny, gleaming Christmas tree made of coloured balls can be piled up in a few minutes as a table or mantle decoration. Birch suggested using an ordinary large knitting needle with a flat end for the central stem. Then slip round Christmas tree balls in graduated sizes over the stem. The biggest balls go at the bottom, tapering to tiny balls at the top to give a tree shape. A peaked ornament used at the top of a regular Christmas tree can be slipped over the pointed end of the knitting needle, or stuck—and the miniature tree is complete.

THIS year there are more tree and home decorations on the market than ever before. Delicate tinsel ornaments and intricate plastic snowflakes

typify the rivalry between the traditional and the modern. Here are some hints on how to make the Christmas tree more fire-resistant and keep it needles from dropping so quickly:

Bring it home a day before you plan to set it up, then cut an inch off its base.

Place it in a bucket of ammonium sulphate solution and let it soak for 24 hours. Use one pound of ammonium sulphate, bought at any seed store, to one gallon of water.

Or spray it with "water glass"—sodium silicate—at the ratio of one quart to nine quarts of water. Exhibitors at flower shows use this method.

When setting it up, place the tree in a waterproof container of sand and anchor it well. Keep the sand moist.

HOW (B)RIGHT IS YOUR 8-YEAR-OLD?

*** CHECK-UP based on a ten years' study of boys and girls—gives you the chance to check off the progress of an eight-year-old child: The progress of this week is given by Mrs. Murdoch, wife of Richard ("Stinker") Murdoch, who has ticked off the accomplishments of their daughter, Bellinda.



★ Bellinda Murdoch, eight-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. "Stinker" Murdoch. She lives with a younger sister and brother in a house with a garden at Mayfield, Sussex. — Favourite books: Adventure stories about horses. Most condemning word: Horrid.

EDUCATIONALISTS say that eight-year-olds are a change of teeth. Some insist that the whole nature changes about this time. Give the eight-year-old a huge sheet of paper, a big long-handled brush and a jar of paints (dry powdered paints diluted with water). Then allow him to do what he likes. Strange and fantastic are the usual results—often dark and lurid colours, with little attempt at balance or relationship. This is the age of struggle to cope with the outside world. Monthly painting bouts will show you progress towards a sweet and sensible acceptance.

Writes with ink, forming all letters correctly. Is established in "left" or "right" handedness. Height, 4 feet. Weight, for boys 3st. 12lb, girls 3st. 11lb. Chest, 24ins. Has had whooping cough and measles. Probable illnesses this year, chicken-pox or mumps.

Balances perfectly on narrow bar for a distance of 10ft to 12ft. Can climb rope. Jump 2ft. to 2ft. 6ins. Do simple vaulting over horse or bar (with pommel or bar held, not without).

Will follow adult version of "Pilgrim's Progress" with map and grasp abstract idea after explanation. Needs pictorial or "action" help for last dance, history, geography lessons.

Physical type clear—e.g. the ballet dancer, the athlete, or the "briny" butterfinger—are now before you permanently. Needs 1,000 calories per day. (Interpreted in basic foods this means 4 oz. meat, 1 oz. butter, 1 oz. cheese, 1 pint milk, 1 lb. rich fish (such as herring), 1 small loaf, 1 lb. potatoes, plus green vegetables and fruit each day. (Don't refer Mr. Strachey, these are the dietetic facts per age, height, weight.)

Self-confidence is at low ebb—perhaps lowest—ebb in whole childhood. Home is no longer the whole horizon, the outside world looms large and not always friendly.

Twelve hours' sleep needed. Knows up to nine times multiplication table, but only parrot-like.

Reads fluently. Nervous in reading, of long words. Plays first team games.

Reacts brilliantly to small responsibilities. Books popularity at school, reads often at home. Needs hot supper at night.

(Watch clothes carefully, particularly covering of feet in winter. This is the age for the highest level of heat per body surface.)

(Nightmares occur occasionally. Reassure, and balance school work with outdoor activities, and work and music, warm sweet drink 15 minutes before bed will help.)

Can swim "breast stroke" with support. Acute sense of fair play.

Tastes in food formed. (The meat lover, the fruitarian, the sweet-tooth, the butter-lover, the all established, and will only change again in life owing to a crisis necessity or a moral conviction later on.)

(London Express Service)

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post and Hong Kong Telegraph Staff Photographers

are on view in the Morning Post Building.

ORDERS BOOKED.

Give A Children's Holiday Party

By ELEANOR ROSS

IF you haven't youngsters in your family circle, beg or borrow some, and stage a party, assembled. This is a good way to break the ice if some of the guests are not acquainted. Despite their front most harrows youngsters from an orphanage or from one of the community services that deals with underprivileged children.

There's no need to make the party overly elaborate or costly. The spirit of the holiday and the glorious spirit of childhood will make the occasion a wonderful one, and you, the hosts, will have the best time of all.

Make a huge Santa to welcome the guests. Make him from a large wooden barrel, painted red with white belt and buttons. His head can be made of an old pillow case, a luscious, which, when stopped, is the signal for the big rush. The bag, stuff it with paper, straw or anything available that would do, and paint on it an approximation of the old fellow's red-checked vest. Provide him with an ample wig and beard of white cotton and top him off with a red cape. Of course, the big attraction is the Christmas tree, so make it as exciting and colourful as possible for the youngsters. Brightly coloured toys and plenty of edible decorations will satisfy the children, provided that the tree is festooned with plenty of tinsel and bright lights. Check these for safety, please!

As the children arrive, let them help in final decorations until all the company is assembled. This is a good way to break the ice if some of the guests are not acquainted. Despite their front most harrows youngsters from an orphanage or from one of the community services that deals with underprivileged children.

When the last guest has arrived, complete the ice-breaking with a good game, such as an obstacle race or "Christmas Mail." For this, arrange on a table a number of holiday greeting cards, one less than the number of the company. Have the children march around the room to a music, which, when stopped, is the signal for the big rush. The bag, stuff it with paper, straw or anything available that would do, and paint on it an approximation of the old fellow's red-checked vest. Provide him with an ample wig and beard of white cotton and top him off with a red cape. Of course, the big attraction is the Christmas tree, so make it as exciting and colourful as possible for the youngsters. Brightly coloured toys and plenty of edible decorations will satisfy the children, provided that the tree is festooned with plenty of tinsel and bright lights. Check these for safety, please!

Work out some contests for different groups, with a treasure hunt as the star attraction. If it is difficult to hide small gifts, use pretty cards decorated with different seals. When one of these cards is found, the display of edible decorations will cover comes to the barrel Santa and receives a gift, wrapped and identified with seals to match those of the presents. Keep the presents small and simple.



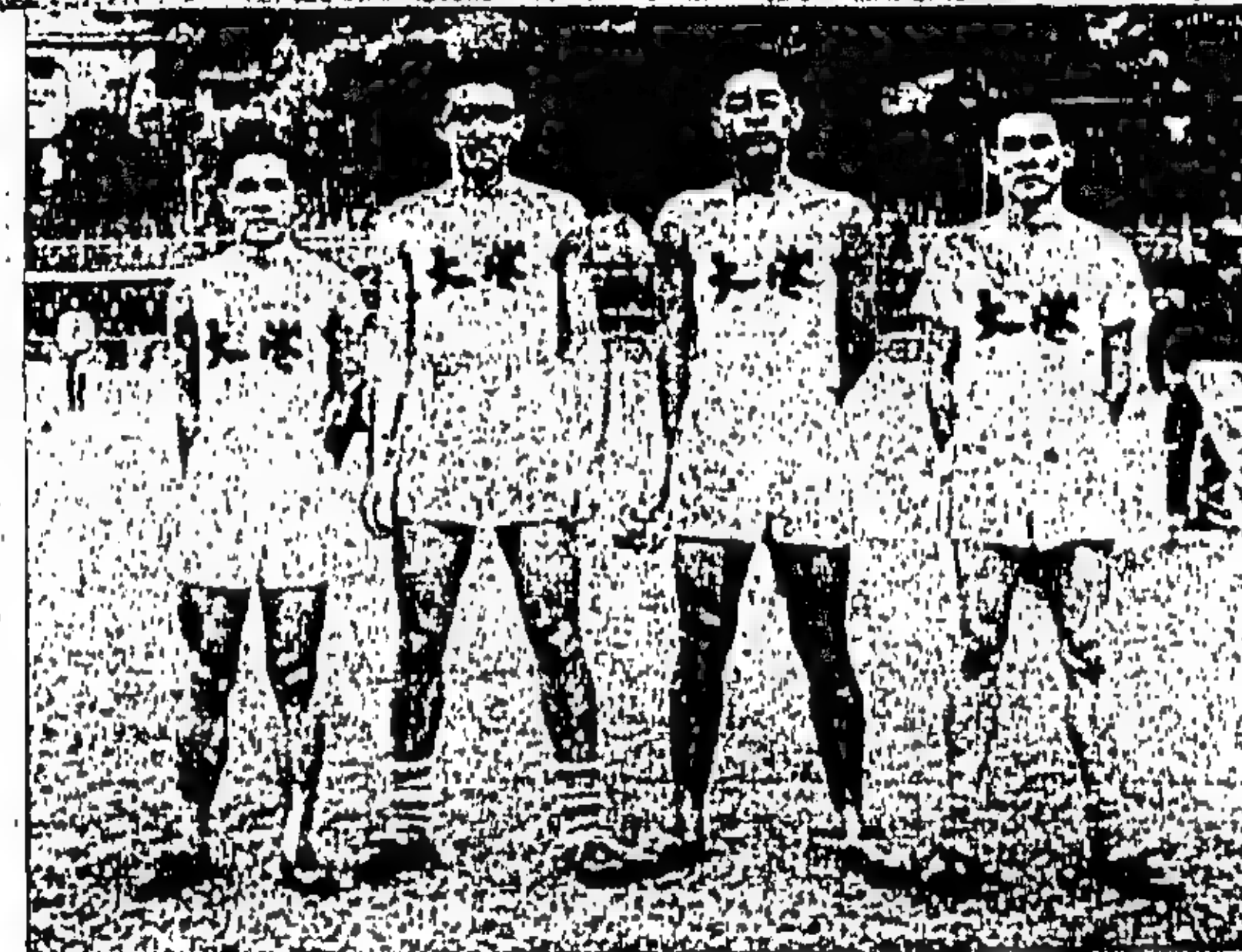
TWO of the many parties that attended the Hongkong Volunteer Defence Corps Association dance, held at the Peninsula Hotel last week. (Jimmy Foo)



THE Ex-Gunners' Roll of Hongkong gave a highly successful reunion cocktail party at the Volunteer Centre recently. Two pictures taken on the occasion. (Jimmy Foo)



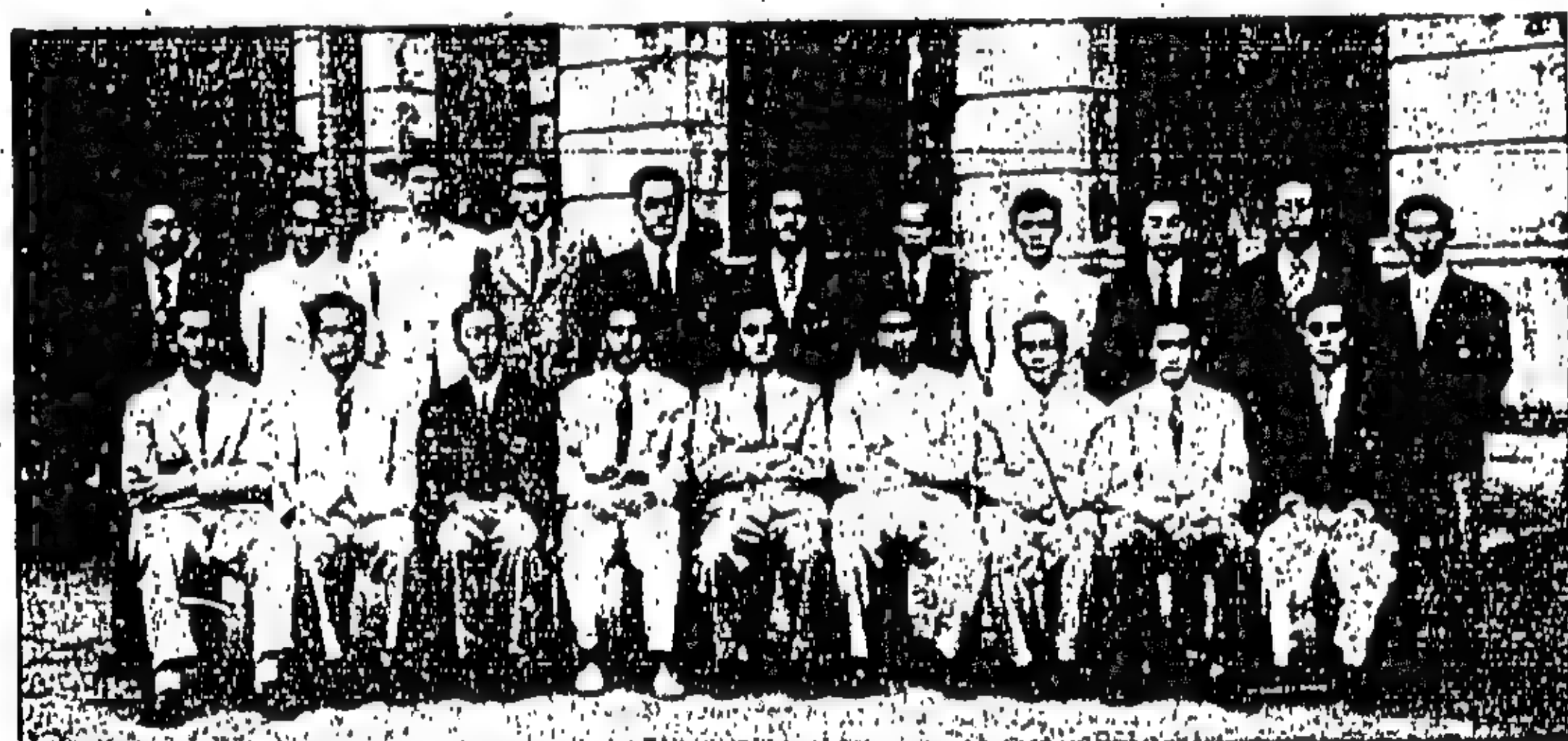
A high standard was set at the Hongkong inter-schools sports last week. Above left: Miss Mui Shun-ngan, of St Mary's School, won the 80 metres low hurdles, 100 metres flat race and the long jump. Above right: John Braga, who set a new record for the 200 metres for boys, with the next three to finish. Right: The Hongkong University team, winners of the 400 metres open relay. (Golden Studio)



PICTURE taken on the occasion of the christening last week of Barbara Eleanor, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs A. J. G. Taylor. (Golden Studio)



PICTURE shows the crowd attending the Al Fresco Fete, organised by the Society of St Vincent de Paul and held in Kowloon last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE newly-elected Committee of the Hongkong University Athletic Association for the present scholastic year. (Ming Yuen)

ON the right and below are two pictures taken at the dance given at Government House last Saturday evening for Service men and women. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MISS M. C. Knight presenting prizes at the annual speech day of St Stephen's Girls' College last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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How Baby-Wise are YOU?

1. When shouldn't baby's wet diapers be changed?

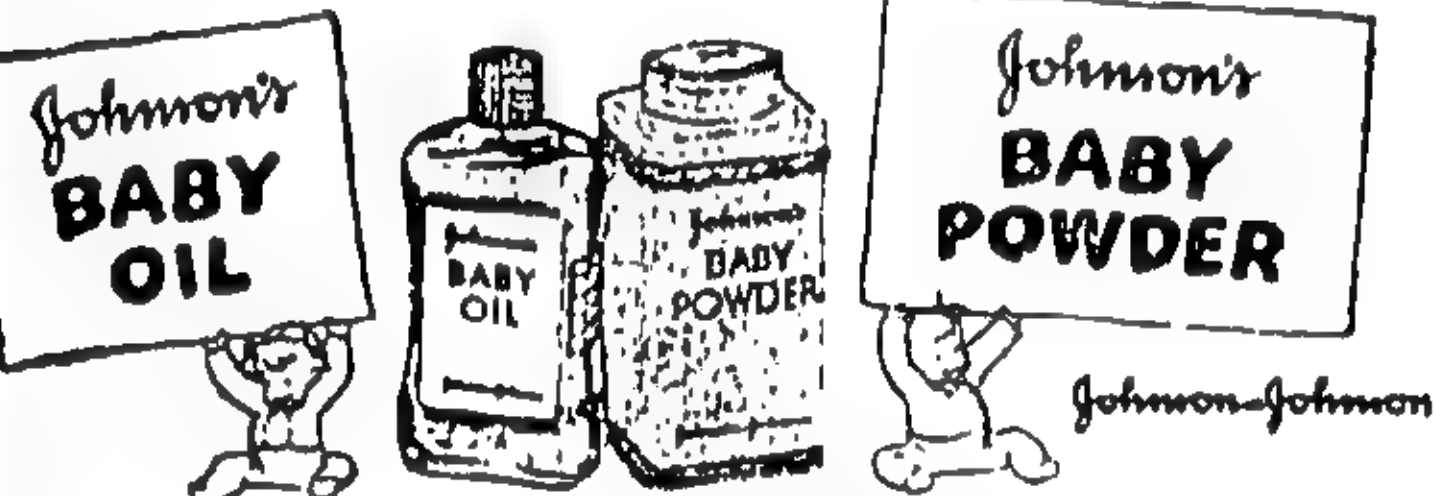
If baby is sleeping contentedly, don't disturb him to change wet diapers, authorities say. Plenty of time, when he wakes up! But guard against "urine irritation" by smoothing on pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil, at every diaper change. Use for all over smoothness after baby's bath!

2. Is it true that newborn babies can smile?

Many astonished mothers can't believe anything so tiny could be an accomplished—but a baby's smile is actually, pleasure reflex! And how he beams when mother sprinkles silky-soft Johnson's Baby Powder on his tender skin. Feels so good—helps chase little chafes and prickles!

3. Should fathers be banished from the nursery?

Definitely no, say all the experts. Fathers gain new understanding and kinship with their babies by occasionally taking over. It's a pleasure to care for a Johnson's baby—whose skin is smooth and sweet from daily use with Johnson's Baby Oil and Powder!



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HONG KONG.

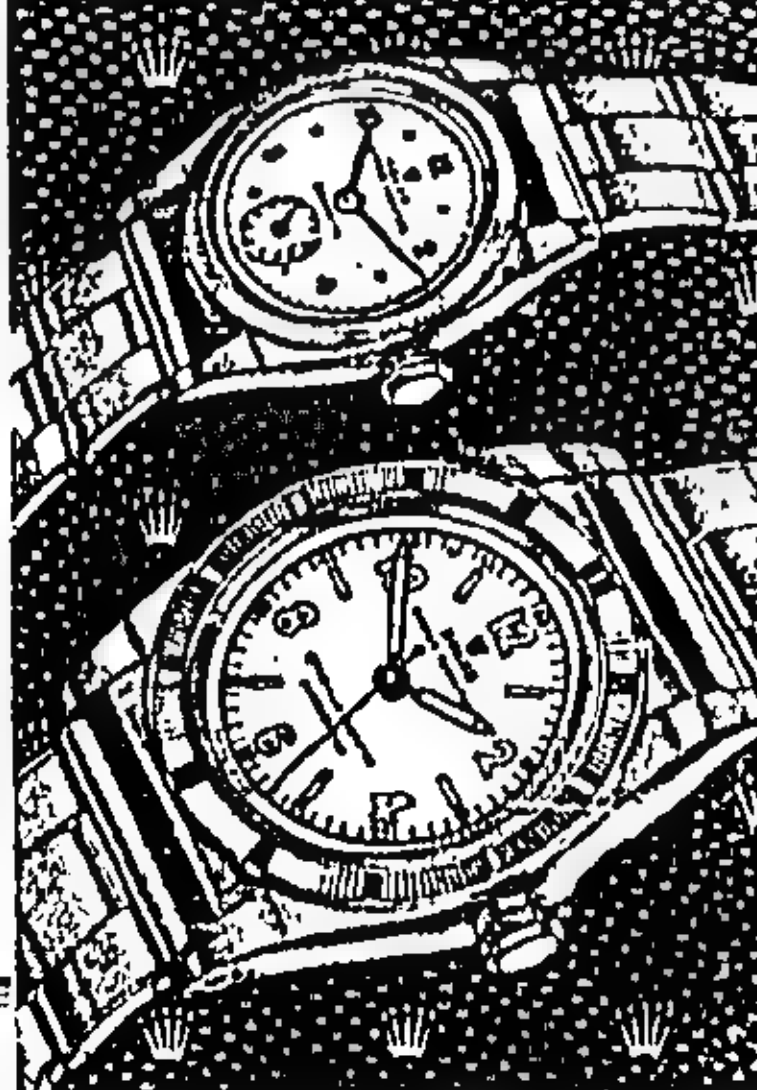
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ROLEX
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WRIST-CHRONOMETERS

PERPETUAL ACCURACY
WITHOUT WINDING

JIMMINY JINGLE, UNCLE HOLLY, HELP FATHER CHRISTMAS IN THE RUSL. Children find some new faces at the stores

SO many children are accompanying parents on shopping expeditions that London stores are having to introduce "emergency plans" to help Father Christmas cope with the crowds.

A Kingston store has hired two Father Christmases and a "stand-in." Last year the store had only one and a relief.

"We have an intricate system of doors which prevents the

children from realising there is more than one Father Christmas and have found the scheme a great success so far," said a member of the store.

Another attraction is Jimminy Jingle, Father Christmas's clerk.

He "lives" in a small house and the children see him and talk to him through the letter box. They are not allowed to go inside because a series of mirrors makes him look only a foot high.

An Oxford Street store has introduced Uncle Holly (the man in Father Christmas's workshop who helps prepare the toys) to children.

He is an "old man" with white "side-boards" and shaggy eyebrows who wears a green highwayman's coat over grey trousers, a grey top hat and a yellow waistcoat decorated with green holly leaves.

"He is a great success. Some of the children even prefer him to Father Christmas," a man at the store said.



Kelth Merriman, aged three-and-a-half, of Enfield, gets a close-up of model trains.



This is Uncle Holly.

GAMES FOR THE PARTY

(Answers On Page 21)

THE KANGAROO

HERE'S an energetic kind of game to warm the party up. Lay out four rows of thin, light sticks. Place the sticks about three feet apart and have as many as the room will permit. Select a player for each row. At the word "Go" all players must start to hop on one foot over each stick in the row. When the player has crossed the last stick, he turns round, still on one foot, and starts back. This time, he must stoop down and pick up each stick after he has hopped over it. If he drops a stick or loses his balance he must start all over again. The winner is the first one to bring back all the sticks in his row.

PUZZLE IT OUT

Christmas centre-piece of six letters spell out under puzzler's license. Discover it:

1. Square.
2. Kind of boat.
3. Rotted in Scotland.
4. Miss Stammers answers to it.
5. Wind or vitamin.
6. Railway terminus.

SPELLING BEE

Where—if anywhere—are the following words spelled wrongly? Ask your party guests. Opposum, cultrass, evanescent, erisipellus, irrestable, terrestial, supercede, lycible, embarrased, servicable.

GUESSING GAME

This game needs no skill or knowledge—it is sheer guesswork.

Display a series of objects whose number or weight Christmas party guests must guess and write down. One point is allowed for each correct guess, or (if none is correct) for the guess which is nearest the right answer. The person who has most points wins.

Suggested items: 1. Weight of a milk bottle (empty). 2. Number of pins in a small box. 3. Length of a piece of string. 4. Number of words on the page of a certain book. 5. Number of pages in a certain closed book. 6. Quantity of water in a cooking pan. 7. Number of cubic feet in the room. 8. Number of yards in a long piece of thread. 9. Weight of the party host. 10. The number of playing cards held in the host's hand.

WRONG IS RIGHT

Form two lines, one of men and one of girls. Let them stand up and face one another. The object of this game is to answer questions incorrectly, and anyone giving the correct answer must sit down. The man at the head of the line starts by asking the girl opposite him a question. She must answer immediately, and if she answers the question correctly she must sit down and be de-

clared out of the game. If she gives the wrong answer she must ask the next man in the line (the second man) another question, and so on down the line and back again. The winner is the one who remains standing the longest. Answers to all questions must be immediate—hesitation puts a player out of the game.

INTELLIGENCE TEST

1. Fill in the missing terms in the following analogy: Sheep is to... as is to mearm.
2. FECUND is the opposite of Cold, barren, parched, moribund?
3. What will this sentence be when the words are arranged in the right order? Interrupting your one put no stop!
4. How many eggs are there in half a hundred?
5. Which of these numbers does not belong in the same group as the other four?

1. Fill in the missing words in the following sentence: We have not... sand... castle... the yard.
2. A PENNON is: An article of clothing, a piece of ornamental architecture, a flag, a fencing term?

3. Add the next two terms to the following series: 36 35 32 27...
4. And here is a series which is rather more difficult. It is made by combining the successive members of two separate series in a certain way. See if you can add the next two terms: 7 18 30 40 45...

FAIR EXCHANGE.

I left my umbrella in the hall stand as I came in. There were two others there, one with a malacca handle and one with a handle of the knobby kind which is called whinge. When I came into the sitting room Jones was there with Cartwright and Burnaby. Roberts joined us later. I was the second to leave, but my umbrella had already gone; the malacca and the whinge umbrellas were still there, along with a hickory one. I did not exactly know what to do, but I was in a hurry and so I took the malacca one. The next time I saw Burnaby he was carrying the whinge handled umbrella. Jones, our host, never keeps an umbrella. Assuming that no one took the same umbrella as he brought with him, who has got mine now?

WHAT'S MOVED?

Let your friends make a thorough survey of the room. Allow five minutes for this, and then send them all into another room, while you make a number of alterations in the first room, being careful to write these down to avoid any mistake. Now call your guests back, hand each a piece of paper and a pencil, and ask them to write down all the changes that have been made. Allow five minutes for this. The player with the greatest number of correct answers wins.



The crowd at a doll counter in a Regent Street store.

THERE WILL BE 200 DEMON KINGS

"AN English dramatic performance ending with transformation scene followed by broad comedy of clown and Columbine." Thus goes the official dictionary definition of a Christmas show that is peculiarly British.

Like everything else, however, dictionary definitions can get a little out of date. "Dramatic" for instance, in that definition is a little confusing to modern ears. For Drama, to most, conjures up the vision of highly-strung nerves, tense atmospheres and frightened people. While these may have been some of the ingredients of pantomime 50 years ago, nothing of this kind is included in the show of today which is designed primarily for children.

These are all things that children can understand. They are the basis of pantomime, and their intention is to please the childish mind. And yet it is amazing that to bring a child to see a pantomime performance requires the services of at least four adults.

The grown-ups always give the excuse, "Well, we had promised Jennifer Ada (or whatever the name is) a long time ago that we would bring her to see the show and she would have been disappointed if we had not come with her."

BY PETER PENNYLESS

PANTOMIME performances take place in the ordinary theatre but from there on, the only resemblance between pantomime and theatre proper is, as careful authors say, "purely coincidental."

To start with, the principal boy is always a girl. That may sound Irish. Then, the part of the old woman (there is always an old woman in pantomime, be she the ugly sister, the widowed mother or the wicked witch) is invariably played by a man.

That in itself is enough to make pantomime no ordinary show, but there is still one more remarkable fact which has not yet been mentioned. Pantomime is intended primarily for the children, but it has such an attraction for the older members of the community that adults outnumber children in the audience by two to one.

THE pantomime story is always kept as simple as possible. Usually it is based on some fairy tale such as Cinderella, or Jack and the Beanstalk. And, while sticking to the original

story, it is always interrupted by variety acts, such as juggling or dancing, which have no connection with the plot, but simply add to the amusement. Great use is made of trap-doors and sulphur flashes for the entrance or exit of the Demon King (every pantomime has a Demon King in some form or other). The Fairy Queen always carries a magic wand, and the hero and the heroine always live happily ever after.

To cater for this increased adult audience more and more pantomimes now include stars of radio and variety in their cast. The people bring a sophisticated humour to the show, which suits the adult mind and, incidentally, creates the excuse for attending if there are no children in the family.

But, first and foremost, the pantomime should be the children's pleasure, and for that reason everything ought to be performed as simply as possible, and with a complete absence of any strong dramatic or horror scenes.

The "something for everyone" atmosphere has made pantomime a firm family favourite, and such is its popularity that this Christmas there will be over 200 shows in various parts of Britain.

At the Palladium, Tommy Trinder, famous variety star, will line up with pretty Zoe Gail and the two American artists, George and Bert Bernard, for the presentation

of "Puss in Boots." This is the story of the cat which, rather on the lines of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, disposes of large rats, small rats, tawny rats, old rats, young rats, grey rats and all the other rodent species which have been bothering the people in the story.

Incidentally, it would perhaps be rather a good idea at this stage to point out that Tommy Trinder is one of London's own "Cockney" comedians, and for that reason he has been included in the Palladium show. Pantomime promoters try whenever possible to include local born artists for shows in their native town or county.

ONE exception, however, is Nat Jackley, the North Country comedian, who will be starring at the Prince's Theatre with pretty Hy Hazell in "Dick Whittington." This is the story of the poor boy who went to London in search of fame. Disillusioned, he is returning to his home town when, in the distance, he hears Bow Bells ring out. "Turn again Whittington, Thou worthy citizen, Thrice Mayor of London." He returns to London, is made Lord Mayor, and as per formula, everybody lives happily ever after.

The third pantomime, "Miss Muffet," is rather an unusual one, and is being performed in London for the first time for many years. It reintroduces Pat Kirkwood to the London stage after an absence of several months, and will co-star Richard "Stinker" Murdoch, better known, perhaps, as the radio star of "Much Binding in the Marsh." And the internationally famous clowns, the Calrolls Brothers, will also be in the show.

ALL these articles are household names on the British stage. But even without any stars the Pantomime can still attract the crowd. This is because it caters specially for the children, but at the same time has something to offer for the whole family.

Pantomime producers are very proud of their long record of successes. They realise that the pantomime is almost, without exception, the first view that a child has of the stage. And they know that if the child likes pantomime, in later life he or she will appreciate the other forms of entertainment which the stage has to offer, and therefore in pleasing the children they are making sure of the audience of the future.

So Queen Anne lives on in Reno

From NEWELL ROGERS

NEW YORK.

THE ghosts of Queen Anne and her lawyers haunt the gamblers of Reno, America's divorce capital, tonight.

Gambling is Reno's second largest industry. The divorce business comes first.

The State of Nevada collects taxes from the city's casinos. Since they are respectable taxpayers, the proprietors want the courts to help to collect gambling debts.

So, one used to collect \$30,700 for cheques signed by Colorado society man Leonard Wolff just before he died.

Judge Merwyn Brown said "No." And he based his decision on an ancient statute of Queen Anne adopted, with England's common law, by Nevada.

The gamblers are appealing to Nevada's Supreme Court on the ground of their rights as taxpayers.

Footnote: Illinois Supreme Court is to pass on an Illinois law to permit men, as well as women, to collect alimony. Mrs. La Verne Wahler, a \$90-a-month bank teller, has just been ordered to pay her crippled ex-Serviceman husband \$113 a week alimony. She has appealed.

BOREDOM and let-down on retirement are killing off so many people, says Dr. Alonzo Myers of New York University, that a school should be started to train them for leisure.

LAST BOAC airliner has flown out of LaGuardia airport. BOAC's 70 airport workers piled into lorries and station wagons for the 13-mile trip to New York's larger Idlewild airport, new terminals for flights from London. LaGuardia's runways are not long enough for the new U.S. Stratocruisers bought by the BOAC for the North Atlantic service.

CORSET-MAKERS are alarmed by the new fashion trend to the flat-chested slapper of the 1920's. Fashion stylists are debating whether padded shoulders and hips are doomed. One of them is going to London to see British styles. He also plans to buy British woollens for women's clothes.

NATIONALISED industry has been banned from New York State by Tom Dewey for as long as he is Governor. One out of every 13 Americans lives in Dewey's domain.

BRITAIN will get thousands more tourists next summer because the Cunard Line is going to turn around some of its ships more speedily. But the hulls will not apply to the two Queens. They have to take about 77,000 lb. of meat, 66,000 lb. of potatoes, 170,000 eggs, 4,400 quarts of ice cream, 1 1/4 million gallons of water, and 80,000 pieces of clean linen.

ACTH, a hormone drug said to help sufferers from arthritis, asthma, and gout, is being black-marketed by spivs at \$100 (£35 10s.) for one-tenth of an ounce. Even at that it is an impure product. Doctors warn that the drug can cause convulsions and mental trouble.

London has airport safety plan

TWO new electronic safety devices are to be installed at London Airport before the winter fogs and long nights arrive.

One is a "scanner" which, every five seconds, will check the airport's lighting system, and warn the authorities if any of the lights on the vast airfield have gone out.

The other is an electronic detector, working on sound, which in bad visibility will let the controller know the exact position of an aircraft on the runway.

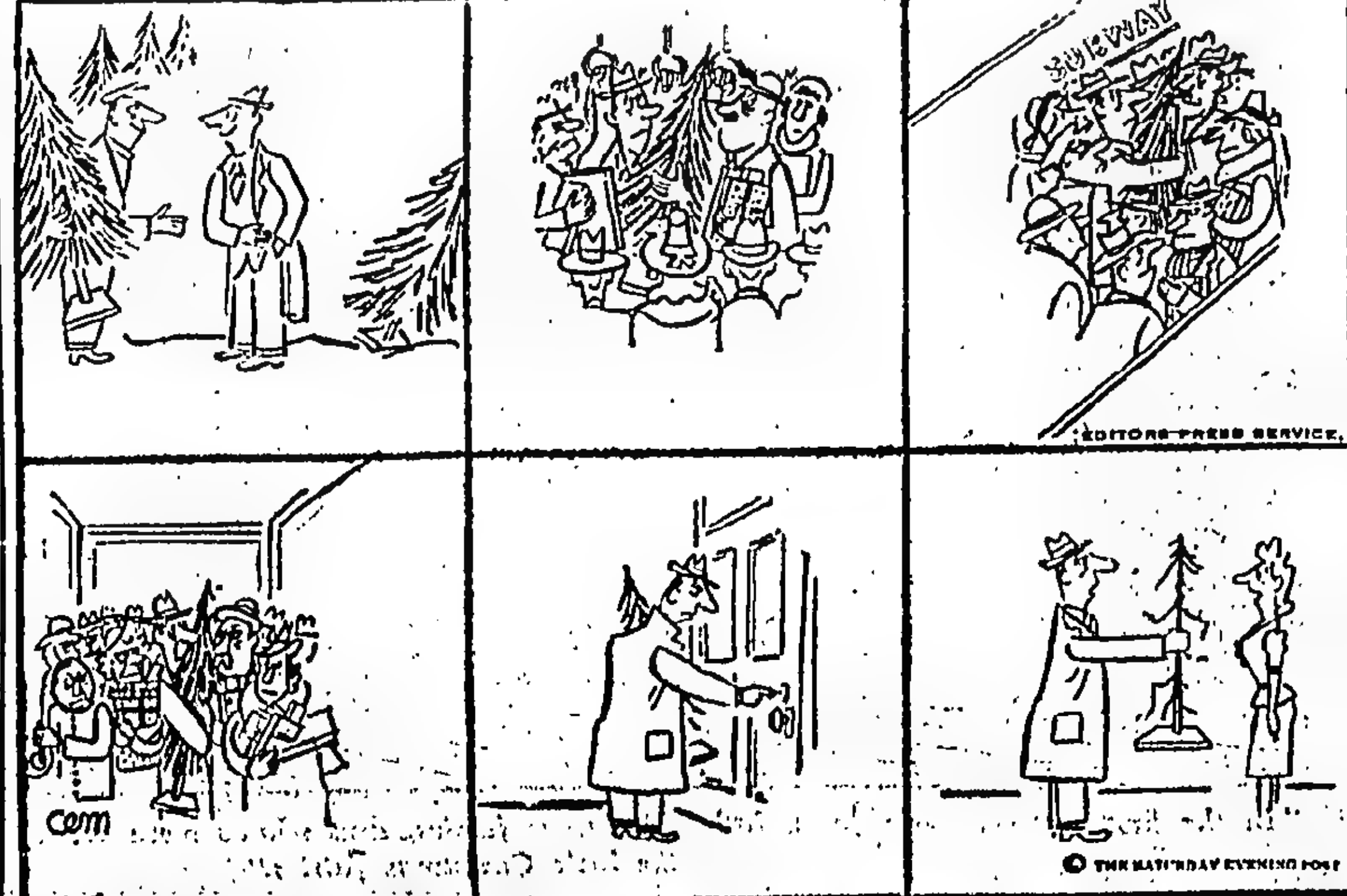
It will also warn him if there is any obstruction on the runway, such as an airport worker.

Both devices, I understand, are prototypes and will undergo development as time goes on.

By the time the airport is completed it will use as much electricity as a town of 40,000 people, using 3,000 circuits totalling 600 miles of cable.

Two rivers, the Duke of Northumberland's and the Longford, are being diverted to prevent flooding. Their new channels have already been dug.

The underground tunnels which ultimately will take passenger coaches up to the central terminal buildings have been started.





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GHOSTS THAT 'WALK' ON CHRISTMAS EVE

By W. H. OWENS

CHRISTMAS EVE is not only a favourite time for telling ghost stories, but is traditionally one of the nights of the year when these strange phantoms are said to make their brief reappearance on earth.

In every part of Great Britain, there are famous old castles, abbey ruins, mansions, and lonely manor houses which are believed to be haunted by the ghosts of persons who once lived in them. Several of these time-honoured ghosts are reported to have been seen or heard in fairly recent years, and, of course, new ones are occasionally added.

Hampton Court Palace is the most haunted of all Britain's royal homes, recalling memories of unhappy queens. For here, when the gatehouse clock has struck midnight, on Christmas Eve, the ghosts of Lady Jane Grey and Catherine Howard wander forth through the older apartments, and that corner of the palace called the Haunted Gallery.

TRADITION has it that, on the night before her execution, poor Catherine Howard escaped from her guards and rushed towards the chapel to make a last appeal for mercy to Henry VIII, who was attending Mass there. And, on many occasions since, the figure of the "Shrouded Lady," bearing a lighted candle in her hand, has been seen making her hopeless flight through the palace.

Windsor Castle has Charles I and Queen Elizabeth among its royal ghosts. On Christmas Eve, fifty-two years ago, the spectre of a lady wearing a black-lace mantle, said to resemble a portrait of 'Good Queen Bess,' was reported by one of the guards on duty along the castle walls. In the Great Park, outside, the shadowy figure of the Hunter still prowls after midnight about the site of the famous oak tree named after him.

Even Westminster Abbey can boast at least one haunting, though the origin of this ghost is unknown. But twice within the last quarter-of-a-century the mysterious 'Cwiled Monk' has startled visitors to the cloisters. The last occasion being in 1932. Apparently, it glides about with its feet an inch or two above the paving stones—the floor level, presumably, of the days when the ghost was a living monk, went to walk these self-same paving stones.

ONE of England's most famous haunted houses is Newstead Abbey, a few miles from Nottingham, which was the home of Lord Byron. Originally, the place was an Augustinian monastery, founded in the reign of Henry II, but after the Dissolution, it passed to the Byron family, who held the property until 1818.

The best-known of the Newstead ghosts is the 'Black Friar,' which was reputed to manifest itself before a death, or the occurrence of some personal misfortune, to a member of the Byron family. Lord Byron himself said it shortly before his unhappy marriage to

Miss Millbank, and he describes the incident in one of his poems. The poet also had the fancy that portraits of his forefathers on the walls would leave their frames to haunt him, notably his great-uncle, Sir John Byron.

Bisham Abbey, a beautiful Tudor mansion, on the banks of the Thames, in Buckinghamshire, has been haunted for centuries by a murderer's ghost. Here lived Sir Thomas Hobby and his wife Elizabeth, a woman of unnatural cruelty who murdered one of her children. Tradition has it that her tormented spirit returns again and again to the house. In fact, Lady Hobby's ghost has been seen in the room where she committed her crime, trying in vain to rid its hands of bloodstains.

HIGHER up the Thames Valley is the ruined manor house of Stanton Harcourt, where Alexander Pope lived between 1716 and 1718, and completed his translation of Homer's Iliad. Close to the ruins is the Lady's Pool, so-called because a beautiful young girl was once found drowned there after a broken love affair. At Christmas time, or whenever the pool dries up, a ghost, robed in a long, white gown, forsakes its resting-place awhile, and wanders through the melancholy, roofless rooms of the former mansion.

Ladies in white seem to be extremely common in the world of spooks, and there is hardly a county in Britain without one. But perhaps the strangest of all such apparitions is the ghost of Lady Lightfoot, which haunts the Old Court House at Shelsley Walsh, in Worcestershire. Some time during the sixteenth century, this lady was imprisoned and cruelly murdered in the mansion by an unknown killer. Local people will tell you that, about midnight each Christmas Eve, she rides through the place in a phantom carriage, drawn by a team of four fiery horses. Then the carriage and its solemn occupants plunge headlong into the moat surrounding the walls, and is not seen again for another year.

A REMARKABLE 'king of ghosts' story is associated with Burton Agnes Hall, near Bridlington, in Yorkshire. About 300 years ago, a daughter of the family died in the house, and it was her last wish that her head might be preserved in the Great Hall for ever.

And so, to this day, the girl's skull remains in its original position on the walls, and there is a strong belief around the neighbourhood that its deliberate removal might portend some dreadful calamity. Some years ago, nevertheless, a sceptical visitor, laughing at such superstition, and displaced the skull. Almost immediately, weird noises were to be heard about the house, and doors banged in eerie succession. These 'ghostly' happenings proved so terrifying that, before any explanation was sought, the skull was hastily restored to its place, and it has not been taken down since.

Somewhere under the beautiful Norman ruins of Lilleshall Abbey, near Newport, in Shropshire, is a secret passage which is said to have been sealed up by a Cornish

soldier, and never since located. Strange noises coming from underground and a 'miraculous' bloodstain on the stone floor gave rise to the story of the ghost of a monk who was murdered there long ago. Earlier in this century, when there was much speculation about the mystery, a reward of £50 was actually offered for the discovery of the hidden passage. Archaeologists and water-diviners made investigations, but the riddle of the Lilleshall monk is still unsolved.

Scotland, of course, has several haunted castles dotted over its lonely moors and glens, and many an eerie tale is told of them. Glamis Castle, ancestral home of Queen Elizabeth, and seat of the Earls of Strathmore, has been the scene of many supernatural happenings, and contains an apartment whose grim secret is known only to the owner and his heir. Beautiful Roslyn Castle has a haunted chapel which is said to be lit by an unearthly radiance when a member of the St Clair family is about to die.

BUT the most gruesome story in connection with Scotland, an ancient Borderland stronghold in the Liddesdale valley of Roxburghshire. Standing starkly against the sky on the edge of desolate moorland, it seems the perfect example of a haunted ruin.

Here lived the terrible William, Lord Soules, who, among other diabolical attainments, practised the art of Black

Magic, and terrorised the inhabitants of the neighbouring countryside. It was his custom to kidnap young children and take them to a secret dungeon of his castle, where he is supposed to have murdered them and used their blood in the performance of his unholy rites. After years of suffering at the hands of this baron, the people rose against him. Waylaid by a band of the strongest men, he was bound with iron chains and carried away to meet a fearful death in a cauldron of boiling lead. Even today, local folk fear to go anywhere near Hermitage Castle on dark wintry nights, where they believe the restless soul of Lord Soules returns to reenact his crimes of long ago.

ANOTHER Scottish castle celebrated for its hauntings is Cortachy Castle, the Forfarshire seat of the Ogilvy family who have borne the title of Earls of Airlie since the time of Charles I. The story tells of a handsome young drummer in the service of a former Earl who fell in love with his master's beautiful wife. One day, the Earl discovered this youth making advances to the Countess, and, in a fit of jealous rage, ordered that he should be sealed in his own drum and thrown to his death from the highest turret of the castle.

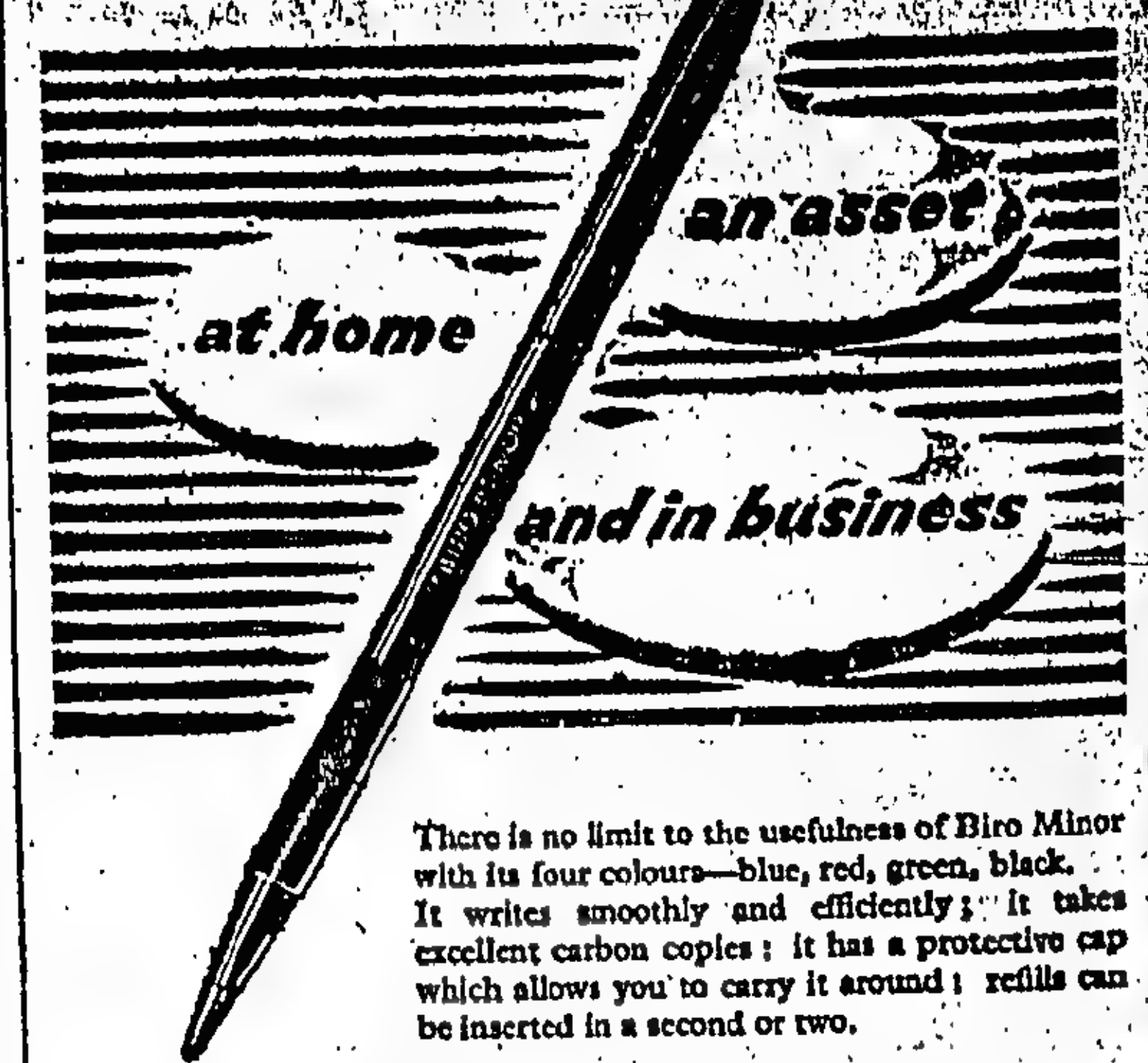
So, from time to time, the 'ghostly drummer of Cortachy' has reappeared, making itself heard distinctly outside the castle walls, usually before the death of a member of the Ogilvy family. This has actually happened on more than one occasion within the last century.

Observed In Japan



Japanese youngsters admire, and yet seem perplexed at, a Christmas tree set up in Mainichi Hall, Tokyo. Despite only 200,000 of Japan's 80,000,000 people being Christians, the celebration and observance of Christmas Day is becoming increasingly popular in the country.

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HOTEL
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COMMENCING AT 4.30 P.M.
IN

"THE GRIPPS"
MONDAY, DECEMBER 26th
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27th
MONDAY, JANUARY 2nd

IN THE ROOF GARDEN
NEW YEAR'S DAY
JANUARY 1st 1950
SOF FALLER and his BAND

The Hongkong & Shanghai Hotels, Ltd.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS SECTION

Poor Father Christmas Loses His Beard!

"FIFTY cheers!" shouted the Red Dwarf, as he jumped out of bed on a cold and frosty morning. "It's Christmas Eve today!" He picked up his pillow and threw it—plunk!—right on top of the Blue Dwarf, who was still fast asleep in the next bed.

"Ouch!" gasped the Blue Dwarf. He didn't like being awakened in such a rude manner—would you? So feeling cross, he jumped out of bed, scooped a snowball from the window sill and threw it—squish!—right on top of the Yellow Dwarf, who was asleep in the third bed.

This was a VERY rude awakening, but the Yellow Dwarf couldn't say much because his mouth was full of snow. He couldn't get out of bed quickly either, because he was rather fat. (He liked Christmas pudding for his breakfast all the year round), and by the time he'd sat up and wiped the snow away, the other two dwarfs had run out of the room.

It was a very important day for the three dwarfs because they lived in Father Christmas's bungalow and all the year round they worked hard making toys to fill the stockings of boys and girls at Christmas.

They rinsed their hands and faces quickly under the kitchen tap, because although they were dwarfs they didn't like washing any more than some boys and girls do.

"I think it's Yellow's turn to get the breakfast this morning," said the Red Dwarf, and just at that moment in waddled the Yellow Dwarf still looking cross and sleepy.

"I heard what you said, Red," he remarked, "and I won't do it!"

"If you don't," said Blue slyly, "Father Christmas won't let you have any Christmas pudding for breakfast!"

Yellow's face turned a pale lemon colour.

"Very well, then," he said quickly, "I'll do it. I'll get the breakfast, but it's only because I'm good-natured, mind you. It's nothing to do with the Christmas pudding."

Red added, rather cleverly, "If you don't, you'll get thin, and that'll make matters worse still. Whoever heard of a THIN Santa Claus, let alone one without a beard!"

Santa swallowed a mouthful of egg and bacon. "Some wicked scoundrel has robbed me of my beautiful beard," he said, thumping the table with his fist. "You dwarfs had better find him. AT ONCE!"

The dwarfs looked dismayed. "Can't we have our breakfasts first?" they implored.

"Certainly not!" replied Santa, taking his second mouthful of egg and bacon. "If I don't get that beard back, I don't take any toys around tonight."

Here was a terrible situation! The dwarfs were speechless. "What about, the poor boys and girls when they find their stockings empty on Christmas morning?" gasped Red.

Yellow was about to slyly pick up a piece of Christmas pudding and eat it, but Santa thumped the table so hard he jumped back in fright.

"No toys! No toys! That's my final word," said Santa. "Be off with you!"

The three dwarfs went into the hall and held a whispered consultation.

"We must go out into the cold, cold snow," said Red dismally, "and find the thief who stole Santa's beard."

"Never mind," said Blue. "We shall be detectives. I always wanted to be a detective!"

This cheered them all up a little, and they got down their sleazy coats off the hall stand.

"You can't come!" said Red to Yellow. "You know it's your turn to give Ronnie Reindeer his breakfast. He has to have an extra good one on Christmas Eve too, because he has such a long journey to go."

"It's always my turn to do everything!" wailed Yellow. But Red and Blue wouldn't listen to his protests and went off through the front door to do some detective work.

Poor Yellow, hungry and disappointed, went through the back door to the stable where Ronnie Reindeer was kept. He was rather fond of Santa Claus's reindeer, really.

"Good morning, Ronnie," he said as he went in. "I hope you weren't cold in the night. There was a blizzard!"

"I know," said Ronnie sweetly. "But I wasn't cold. I had THIS to keep me warm, you see!" And when he turned his graceful head towards Yellow, the little dwarf nearly fell over with surprise. For there, attached to Ronnie's chin, was a long, flowing white beard!

"Father Christmas's beautiful beard!" gasped Yellow. "Then YOU are the thief!"

Ronnie looked rather huffy at this.

"I'm no thief!" he said haughtily. "I got it quite by accident. The blizzard woke me up in the night and, looking out of my stable door, I saw that Santa Claus's window was wide open. I thought how terrible it would be if Santa Claus caught a bad cold on Christmas Eve of all days—and what would happen

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"Some wicked scoundrel has robbed me of my beautiful beard," said Father Christmas.

"My dear Yellow," he said benevolently, "You can have Christmas pudding every day of the year from now on for breakfast, dinner and tea!"

"HOORAY!" yelled Yellow, and started to eat his Christmas pudding at once. Then Red and Blue walked in, looking very downcast. They stood open-mouthed when they saw Santa Claus wearing his beautiful beard. They had searched all around the bungalow in the snow, but all they'd got were cold feet and blue noses!

"Fine, detectives!" laughed Yellow derisively. "You found the beard right away! And when he'd told the story, Santa Claus roared with laughter. He was now his old self again."

"Never mind, boys," he said. "Go and bring in Ronnie Reindeer and we'll decorate him with holly and mistletoe and give him a double breakfast. Then we'll have a real Christmas party before we start out on our journey to the roof-tops."

What a happy family they were then! It was the jolliest day of the whole year. In fact, Santa Claus was in such a merry mood by the time the party was over that he shouldn't be surprised if boys and girls found an extra big lot of toys in their stockings this year, would you?

(London Express Service)



There, attached to the reindeer's chin, was a long, flowing white beard!

The Red Dwarf and the Blue Dwarf searched everywhere.

DO-IT
By Dale Goss

Things to Make With Materials at Hand

CHRISTMAS STARS

1. Fold a square of METAL FOIL PAPER in half. Keep fold down.

2. Mark A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z.

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More Facts At A Tea Party...

THE children thought they ought to go too. Fatty felt as if they had stayed too long already. Then he remembered something.

"Oh—what about the Pantomime Cat? We haven't got his photograph. Where is he?"

"Clearing up the stage, I expect," said Zoe. "That's one of his jobs. But he won't sign your albums for you—poor old Boyse can't write."

"Can't he, really?" said Bets, in amazement. "But I thought he was grown-up— isn't he?"

"Yes—he's twenty-four," said Zoe. "But he's like a kid of six. He can hardly read, either. But he's a dear, he really is. I'll go and get him for you."

But before she could go, the Pantomime Cat came in. He walked on his hind legs, and had thrown back the furry cat-skin head, so that it looked like a grotesque hood.

He had a big head, small eyes, set too close together, teeth that stuck out in front like a rabbit's, and a very scared expression on his face.

He came up to Zoe and put his hand in hers like a child.

Boyse now saw the children for the first time and smiled at them with real pleasure. "Children," he said, pointing at them. "Why are they here?"

"They came to talk to us, Boyse," said Zoe. "What I wouldn't understand what I mean if I said you wanted autographs," she whispered to Fatty).

Peter Watling and William Orr, tall and thin, now said good-bye and went. Lucy White followed, leaving her bag of golden curls behind.

Boyse put it on and ran round the room, grinning, looking perfectly dreadful.

"See? He's just like a six-year-old, isn't he?" said Zoe. "But he's so simple and kind—does anything he can for us. He's very clever with his fingers—he can carve wood beautifully. Look—here are some of the things. Boyse has done for me."

She took down a row of small wooden animals, most beautifully carved. Boyse, still on his golden wig, came and stood by them, smiling with pleasure.

"Boyse! I think they're beautiful," said Bets, over her shoulder. "How do you do such lovely carving? Oh, look at this little lamb—it's perfect!"

Boyse suddenly ran out of the room. He came back with another little lamb, rather like the one Bets admired. He pressed it into her hand, smiling foolishly, his small eyes full of tears.

"You have this," he said. "I like you."

Bets turned and looked at him. She did not see the ugly face, the too-close eyes, the

The Children's Serial By

End Blyton

big-toothed mouth. She only saw the half-scared kindness that lay behind them all. She gave him a sudden hug, thinking of him as if he were a child much younger and smaller than herself.

"There! See how pleased the little girl is," said Zoe. "That's nice of you, Boyse." She turned to the others. "He's always like that," she said. "He'll give away the shirt of his back if he could. You can't help liking him, can you?"

"No," said everyone, and it was true. Boyse was queer in the head and silly, he was ugly to look at—but he was kind and sincere and humble; he had a sense of fun—and you simply couldn't help liking him.

"I can't bear it when people are unkind to Boyse," said Zoe. "Sometimes the manager is, and I just see red then. I did last Friday, didn't I, Boyse?"

Boyse's face clouded over and he nodded. "You mustn't go away," he said to Zoe, and put his hand in hers. "You mustn't leave Boyse."

"He says that because the manager gave me notice on Friday," said Zoe. "He's afraid I'll go. But I shan't. The manager won't want to lose me really—though I'd like a bit of a rest. But he said this afternoon he didn't mean what he said last Friday. He's a funny one. Nobody likes him."

"I say—I suppose we really ought to go," said Fatty. "Are you coming, Zoe—may we call you Zoe?"

"Of course," said Zoe. "Well, no, I won't go yet. I must attend Boyse's cat-skin. I'll stay and have tea with him, I think. I say, Boyse—shall we ask all these nice children to stay to tea too?"

Boyse was thrilled. He stroked Zoe's arm, and then took Bets' hand. "Boyse will make tea," he said. "You sit down."

"We'd love to stay," said Fatty, who thought Zoe was just about the nicest person he had ever seen. "If we're no bother. Shall I pop out and buy some buns?"

"Yes. That would be a lovely idea," said Zoe. "Where's my purse? I'll give you the money. I've plenty, thank you," said Fatty, hastily. "I won't be long! Coming, Larry!"

He and Larry disappeared. Boyse watched for the kettle to boil, which it soon did. Just as he turned off the gas Fatty

and Larry came back with a collection of jammy buns, chocolate cakes and ginger biscuits.

"There's a plate in the cupboard where Boyse is," said Zoe. "My word—what a feast!"

Fatty went into the little cupboard. He watched Boyse with interest. The little fellow, still in his cat-skin, had warned the brown teapot. He now tipped out the water from the pot and put in some tea.

"How many spoons of tea, Zoe?" he called.

"Oh, four will do," said Zoe. "Count them for him, will you—he can't count very well."

"I can count four," said Boyse, indignantly, but proceeded to put five in, instead. Then he poured boiling water into the pot and put on the lid.

"Do you make tea every evening?" asked Fatty, and Boyse nodded.

"Yes. He's good at making tea," said Zoe, as Boyse carried the teapot in and set it down on the table. "He usually makes it for us as soon as the show is over and then he makes some for the manager much later. Don't you, Boyse?"

To the children's alarm Boyse suddenly burst into tears. "I didn't take him his tea. I didn't," he wept.

"He's remembering about last Friday," said Zoe, patting Boyse comfortingly. "That policeman keeps on and on at him, trying to make him say I took a cup of tea to the manager and Boyse keeps saying he didn't. Though the manager says he did. I expect Boyse has got muddled and has forgotten."

"Tell us about it, Boyse," said Fatty, rather thrilled at getting so much first-hand information. "You don't need to worry about talking to us. We're your friends. We know you didn't have anything to do

with what happened on Friday night. "I didn't, did I?" said Boyse, looking at Zoe. "You all went, Zoe. You didn't stay with Boyse like today. I was in my cat-skin because it's hard to take off by myself. You know it is. And I went into the back room where there's a fire!"

"He means the room behind the verandah," explained Zoe. "There's an electric fire there that Boyse likes to sit by."

"And I saw you—and you—and you," said Boyse, surprisingly, poking his paw at Fatty, Larry, and Pip. "Not you," he added, poking it at Bets and Daisy.

"You never said that before," said Zoe, in surprise. "That's naughty, Boyse. You didn't see these children."

"I did," said Boyse, looking in the window. "I looked at them, too. I frightened them! They looked again and I waved to them to tell them not to be frightened, because they are nice children."

The five children looked at one another. They knew that Boyse was telling the truth. He had seen them that Friday night—he had waved to them. "Did you tell the policeman this?" asked Fatty, suddenly. Boyse shook his head. "No. Boyse didn't remember then. Remember now."

"What did you do after the children had gone?" asked Fatty gently. "I made some tea," said Boyse, screwing up his face to remember. "Some for me and some for the manager."

"Did you drink yours first?" asked Fatty. "Or did you take his up first?"

"Mine was hot," said Boyse. "Very hot. Too hot. I played till it was cool, then I drank it."

"Then did you pour out the manager's tea and take it to him?" asked Fatty. Boyse blinked his eyes and a hunted look came over his face.

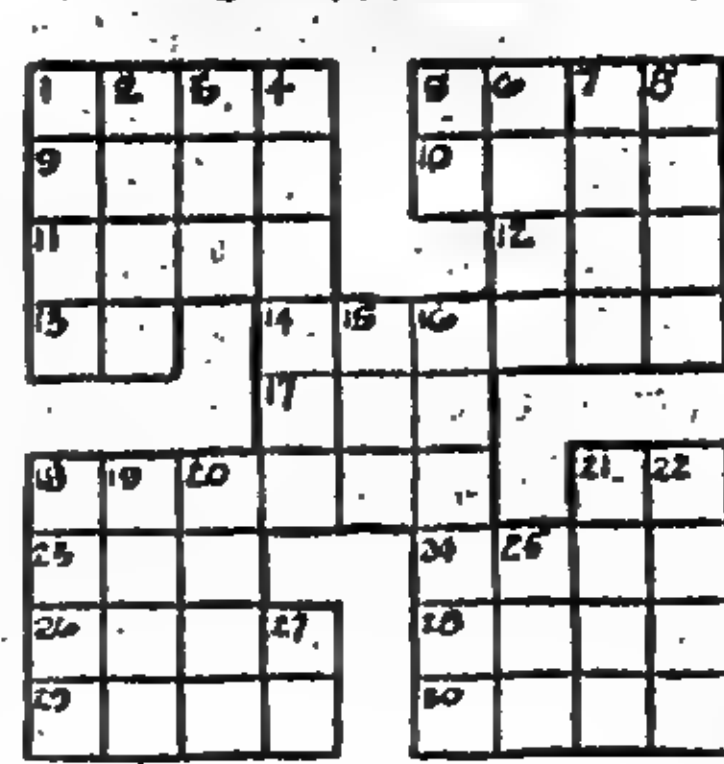
"No," he said. "No, no, no! I didn't take it. I didn't. I didn't! I was tired. I lay down on the rug and I went to sleep. But I didn't take the tea upstairs. Don't make me say I did. I didn't, I didn't."

There was a long pause. Every one was wondering what to say. Fatty spoke first. "Have a jammy bun, every one? Here, Boyse, there's an extra-jammy one for you—and don't you bother any more about that tea. Forget it!"

"More next week" —(London Express Service)

MENTAL GYMNASIUM

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- Opening in skin
- Favours
- Operatic solo
- Woody plant
- Metal dress
- Boy's name
- Southeast (ab.)
- Hidden
- Age
- Large groups
- Time loan (abbreviation)
- Bustle
- Wear
- Be carried
- Paradise
- Heavenly body
- Palm fruit

DOWN

- Go by
- Shield bearing
- Narrow inlet
- Birds of prey
- Pint (ab.)
- Great Lake
- Gull-like bird
- Chair
- Exist
- Slipped
- Roman war god
- Mine entrance
- Soft drink
- Weight deduction
- Smooth
- Girl's name
- Suffix

ADD-A-LETTER

Add a letter to "an international language" and have "fish eggs"; another letter and have "a flower"; another and have "got up."

DIAMOND

The centre of this diamond has been taken into CUSTODY. The second word is "a drinking utensil," the third "a sticky substance," the fifth "ceases," and the sixth is an abbreviation for "editors."

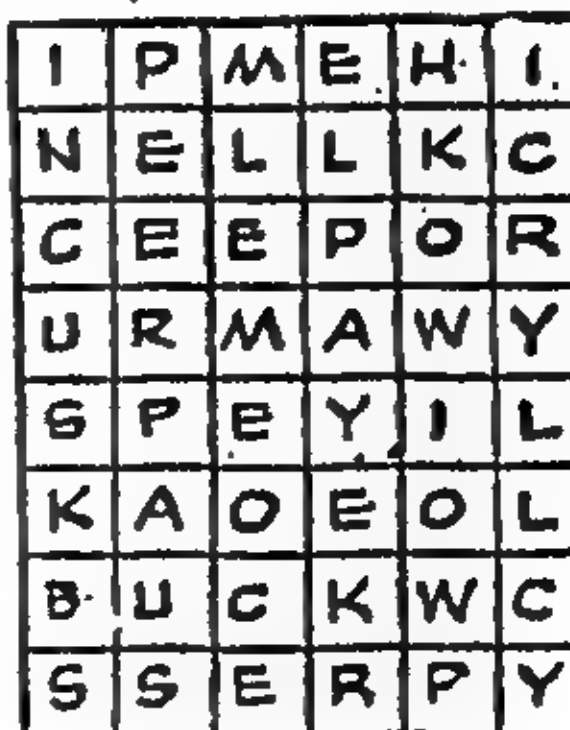
C
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D
Y

KNOW YOUR ALPHABET

- What letter is a bird?
- What letter can be found around flowers?
- What letter do we drink?
- What letter is part of the face?
- What letter means a body of water?

TREE SQUARE

Nine trees are hidden here. To find them in order, find the right starting point, then read every letter either backward, forward, up, or down (but never diagonally):



HOMONYM

Although the missing words in this sentence sound alike, they are spelled differently:

The effort of carrying the heavy—made her grow tired and—

ANSWERS

CROSSWORD:



ADD-A-LETTER: Ro, rose, rose, rose, rose.

DIAMOND:

C
U
P
P
A
S
T
E
C
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S
T
O
D
Y
S
T
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Y

KNOW YOUR ALPHABET: 1-J (Jay), 2-B (Bee), 3-T (Tea), 4-I (Eye), 5-C (Sea).

TREE SQUARE: Maple, Hickory, Willow, Cypress, Buckeye, Oak, Spruce, Elm, Pine.

HOMONYM: Fall, pale.

Substitutes For Santa

IN many lands there is no Santa Claus—but don't feel sorry for the children of these lands. The job of bringing Christmas gifts is filled by other characters every bit as beloved as Santa himself.

The reason may well be that the world is too large for an old gent to travel in one night and Santa is getting along in years, you know, although he keeps young by his constant contact with the junior set.

Take Denmark for instance. Young folks there lay out a plate of holiday pudding for a strange little gnome called Julenisse, who is always hungry and when fed will leave gifts by his empty bowl. There's a Julenisse for each Danish home, which is a pretty good arrangement because no Julenisse is overworked.

OVER in Syria children listen for the plodding feet of an immortal camel, instead of reindeer. This is one of the camels that carried a Wise Man to Bethlehem, but he was younger and weaker than the others and was worn out by the trip. But because he stuck it out, he became immortal and now he



brings gifts at Christmas to the children of Syria.

Czechoslovakian children don't listen for sleigh bells either, because Santa climbs down from Heaven on a rope of gold, visit them and he carries his gifts in a basket instead of a sack. Czech children hang stockings outside their windows, instead of in front of the fireplace.

On the Twelfth Night, 12 days after Christmas, in Italy, Befana brings gifts to Italian children

and stuffs them into the pockets of their empty clothing while they sleep. If children are bad, Befana stuffs the pockets with ashes. Good children get toys and sweets.

Befana is one of the women members of the Santa Claus Association. She was an old lady who was housecleaning when the Wise Men passed her home. Invited to accompany the Wise Men, Befana refused, but later when she learned what they had seen, she went out to find the Christ Child. She gave gifts to all children she passed and who is still searching, handing out gifts.

Another woman Santa is Babushka of Russia. This means grandmother.

The Wise Men themselves have joined the Santa Claus Association and deliver gifts to children of Mexico, tucking the gifts into shoes which are left on the balconies.

In Poland, Good Star, a lovely, veiled lady, comes to homes with Father Star. Polish children often see her as they stand by the Christmas tree, and the youngsters recite prayers for the approval of Good Star and

Father Star as they receive presents.

The Santa Claus Association has one converted god, Kola, who was the Bulgarian god of winter. Now it's Grandpa Kola, who does Santa's work in this country.

The eight tiny reindeer also have substitutes. In Lebanon a magic mule takes their place. In Sweden, Julbock, the Yule goat, hauls presents. Toms, an old man who rings a bell, delivers the gifts in Scandinavia.

Nor does this complete the list of Santa's helpers. In Greece, St. Basil does the job. The Archangel Gabriel leaves a piece of angel's cake under the pillows of Belgian children on Christmas morning.

China has openings in many countries for religious assistants. In Korea only about one percent of the population observes Christmas, and Santa doesn't get there. Sometimes there are trees in the churches, but rarely gifts, except to hospitals and to the poor. Most Korean pagodas, churches, have Biblical passages and plays during Christmas week.

But Christmas, with Santa and his helpers, is lots of fun in most countries.

Rupert and a Mare's Nest—29



Now that he has got over his fright Rupert eagerly pours out his story. "I was searching for a mare's nest because my daddy told me to," he says. "But please tell me, who are you and why is your nest so secret?" "You may as well know," says the Flying Mare, "all rights reserved."



"I am the king's charger. When I visit his realm he cannot fly because he must wear his ermine robes, so I carry him. Now, farewell, I must tell you no more." She scurs up into the sky, while Rupert carefully starts his long return journey to the palace.

BRONCHO BILL

Turnabout

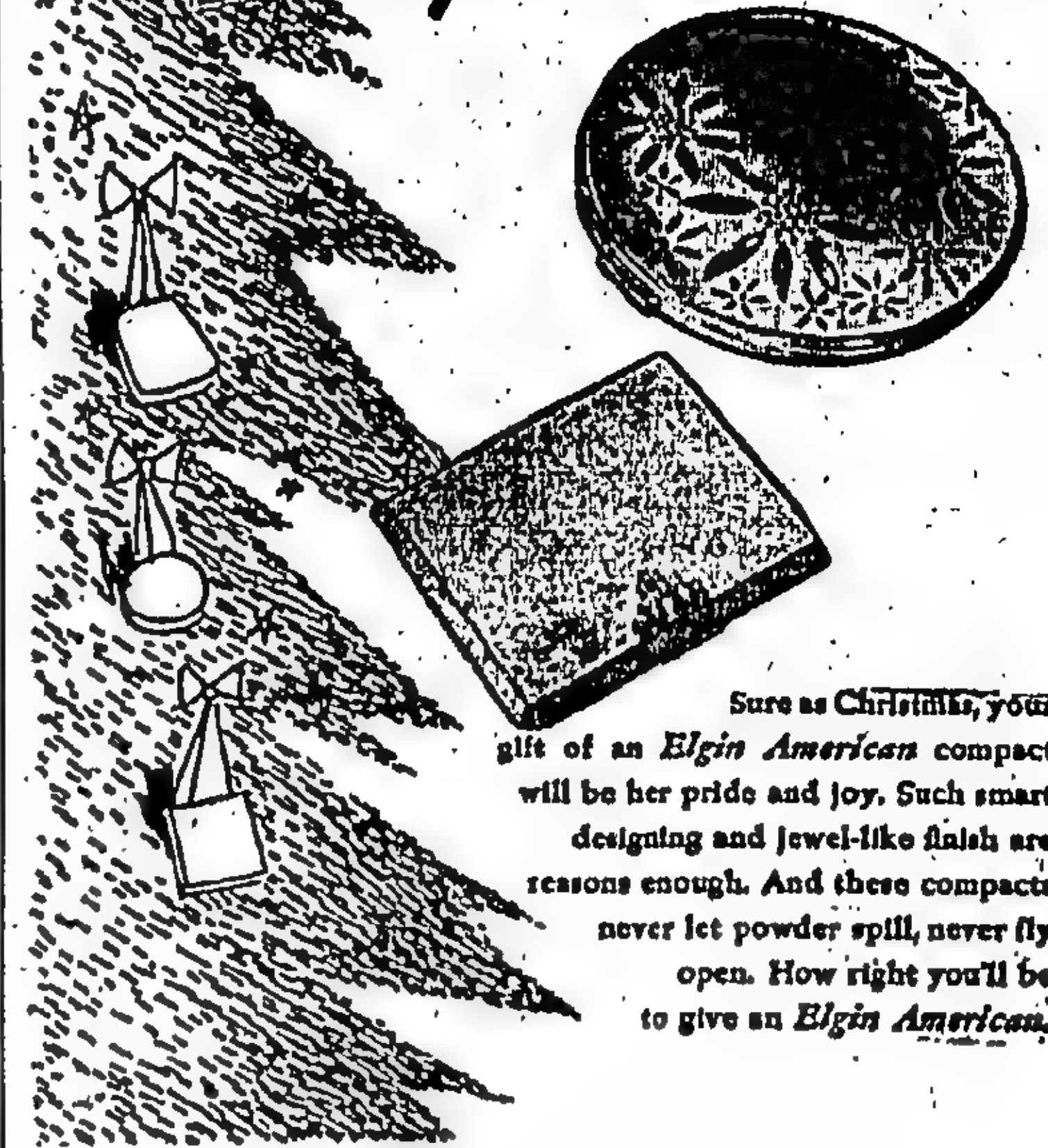
By Harry F. O'Neill



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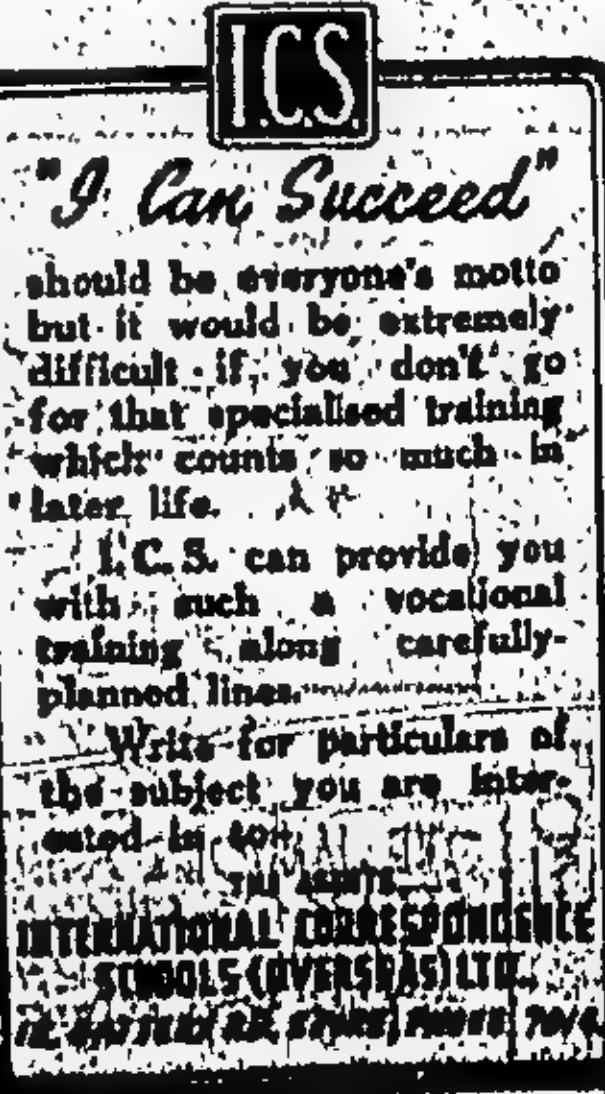
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A magnificent story-teller's finest novel

Reviewed by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

THE PARASITES. By Daphne du Maurier. (Gollancz. 11s. 350 pages.)

HERE is the finest story of a magnificent story-teller. For sheer, simple power to command the attention and to supply entertainment, *The Parasites* is not surpassed in this present season.

Parasites? Had they been an ordinary family, the Delaneys would have hurried the accusation back at Charles when he delivered it. For what, come to think of it, is Charles but an idle country gentleman pottering about the estate until such time as his father dies whereupon he will potter about the House of Lords?

But the Delaneys, whatever else they may be, are not in the least ordinary. They are also both something more and something less than a family.

More, because they are united by invisible strands of understanding and nostalgia beyond the lot of mere kindred.

And less because Maria is the daughter of Pappy and a Viennese actress; Niall is the son of Mama and that French musician; only Celia, child of Mama and Pappy, is in the full sense of the name a Delaney.

SINCE they are the Delaneys and since they have lived as children that preposterous, ex-

isting, circus life with Mama (the great dancer) and Pappy (the famous singer), it does not occur to them that Charles, Maria's husband, is behaving unjustly and with exceptional selfishness.

That he is the real parasite, sucking life out of his diabolical acrobats. And that his indignant, shaming outburst towards the close of that long, wet Sunday afternoon is nothing but preliminary self-justification for his next disclosure: Charles wants Maria to divorce him, so that he may marry "Carole," a horsey jolly neighbour in the country.

No, Charles's position is untenable. But the Delaneys do not dream of counter-attacking.

They are "different." Always have been. And maybe "parasites" is the right name for that kind of "difference."

Between tea-time and supper the three of them survey the Delaney past, that dazzling panorama, in a mood of regret, self-pity and self-accusation.

The past from which Daphne du Maurier has woven this brilliant novel of the theatre and its people.

Such admirable management of tempo, such barbed dialogue, such capacity for setting the scenes and conjuring up the climaxes. Is it theatrical? It is, as it should be. Theatrical in the well-bred under-estimated modern manner.

And such speed in the narration: sometimes, be it acknow-

ledged, speed in the telling at the expense of care in the writing—but how little it matters!

All this fused with the author's inherited feeling for the stage, and the faint, compunctious and distrust with which she regards its people—those gods and victims of their public whom she dissects with a mixture of rueful good sense, insight and compassion.

★

THE Delaneys dwell in a great fuss of indignation and the best hotel suites.

They are spirited, eccentric and extravagant. They have fun.

Until Mama, glorious Mama, dies in a cliff accident in Brittany—just on the day Maria (with a young Frenchman) makes her first experiment with life.

Pappy is robust, noisy and inconsolable—or almost so, for what singer is ever without comfort who has still an adoring audience.

Pappy takes to the bottle and makes a slave of Celia, the plain one.

The others have fled. Maria to the stage and her lovers, Niall to his tunes and to Paris with Fredda, Pappy's old friend. For quite ten minutes Pappy is livid over this seduction. He goes off to the Garrick Club to denounce Fredda to his pals (I doubt if Pappy really did.)

★

WHEN Maria marries Charles the Delaneys make a state visit to Coldham, Charles's family mansion. Pappy disgraces himself over the champagne. It is a scene of gentle farce in a tale which is, by turns, sentimental and funny, with the sparkle of life over all.

You may say that the end where the Delaney trio resolve



She dissects with good sense. DAPHNE DU MAURIER

to reform—is adroit rather than convincing. But by that time it is not of much consequence. An enormously capable and diverting novel.

"Best selling novelist Daphne du Maurier has been described as a writer whose books 'send film producers reaching for their cheque books.' She was reputed to have received nearly £1,000,000 for the film rights of *The King's General*. She is the daughter of a famous actor, Sir Gerald du Maurier, and wife of General Sir Frederick Browning, who created the airborne forces during the war. Has three children.

ROANOKE HUNDRED. By Ingils Fletcher. (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d. 384 pages.)

HERE is a fine, rattling, clattering story of the high seas and the American coast in the days of Elizabeth. A story of the first of all the English settlements, on Roanoke Island, off the shores of South Carolina. And of the last fight of the Revonage.

A warm, quick-moving invention, with imagination to give light to the deep historical learning that has been put into it.

"Ingils Fletcher, American novelist, has flown to London lately from her plantation home in North Carolina. Her ancestors owned a shipyard in Bideford, Devon. Says her book aims at showing the link between the West Country and the early colonisation of America.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

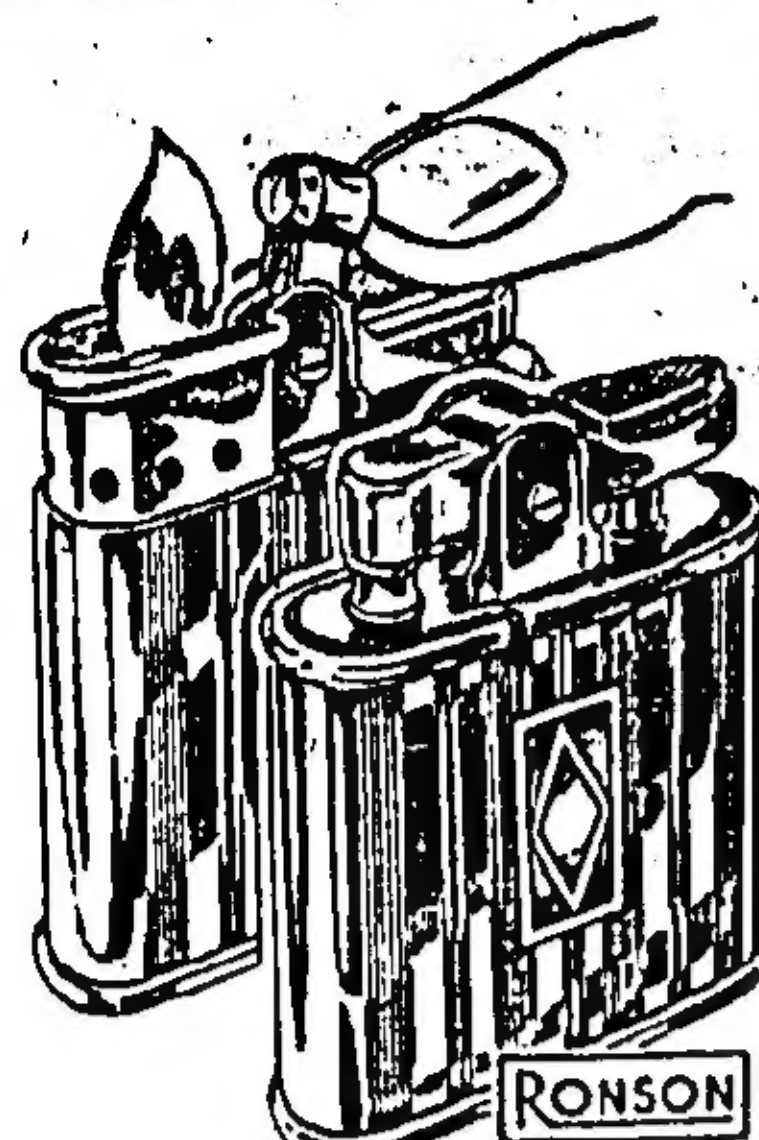


"Christmas Jitters" By KEMP STARRETT



Present Problems

RONSON Gifts ARE "EVER-PRESENTS"

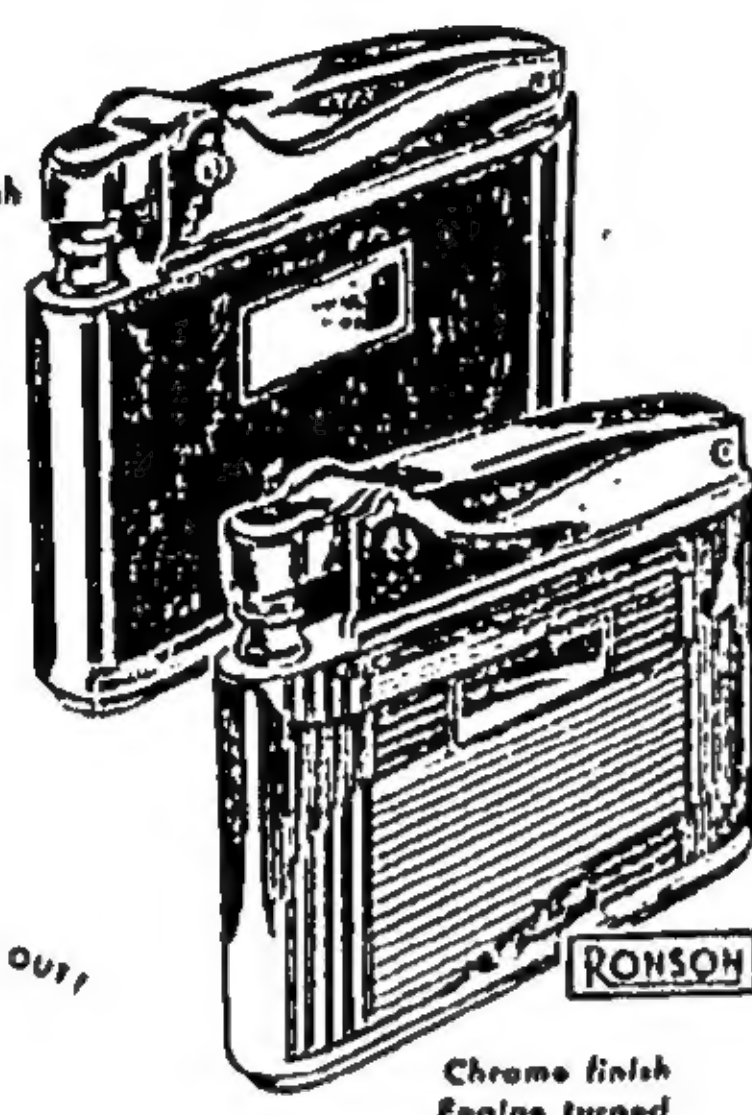


Ronson "Whirlwind", the 2 in 1 lighter with disappearing windshield.

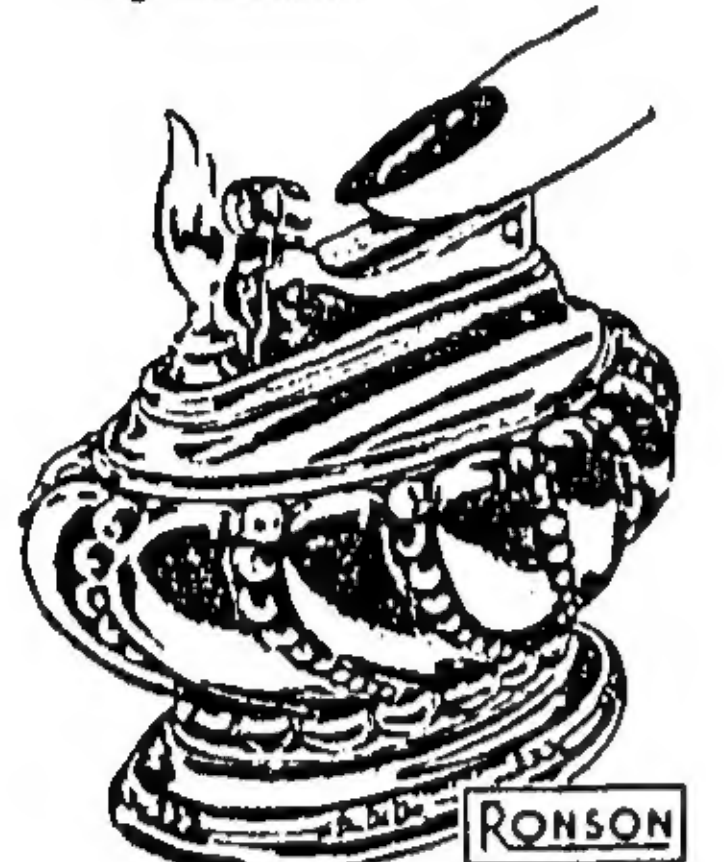


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Chrome finish engine turned

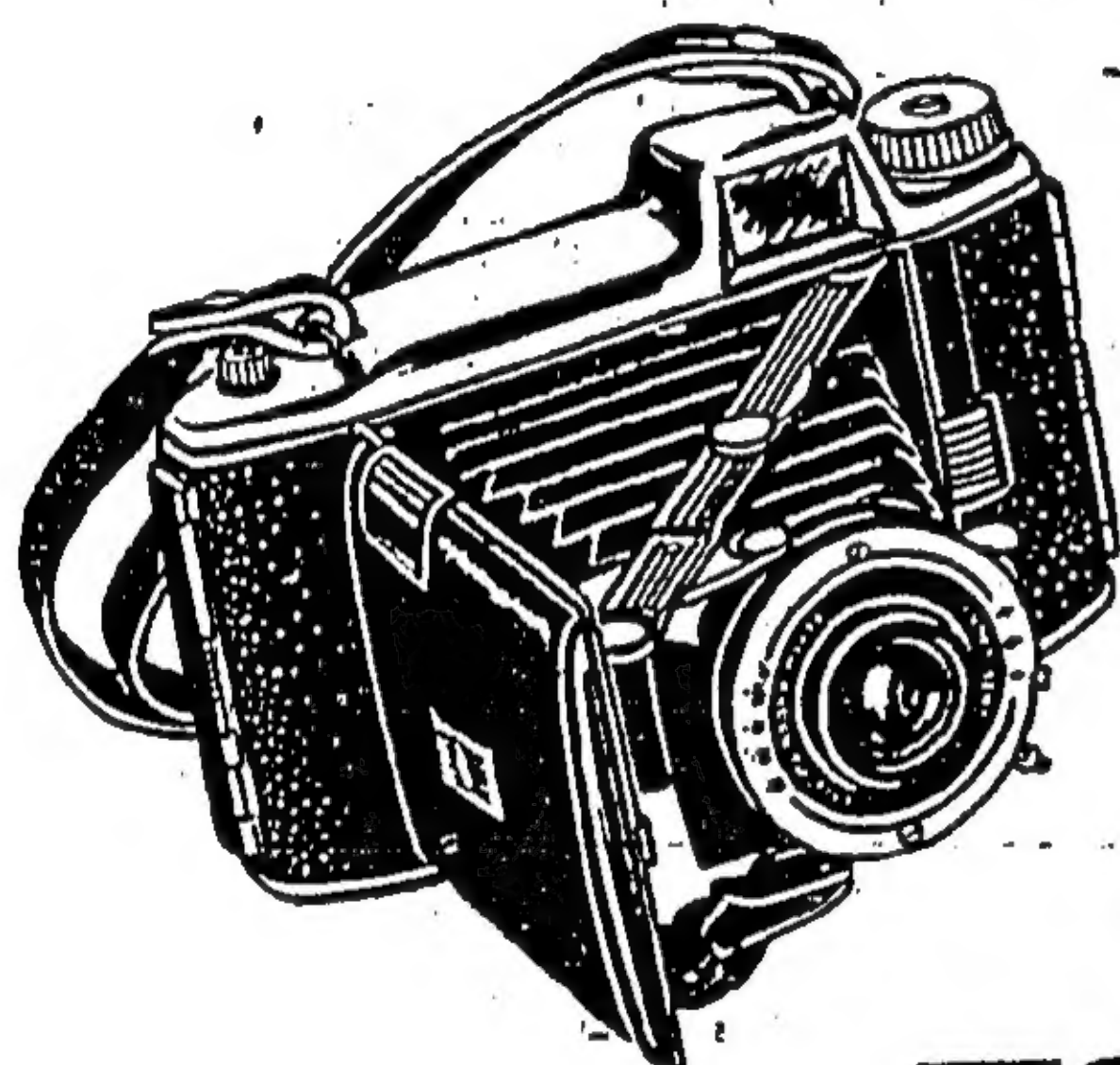


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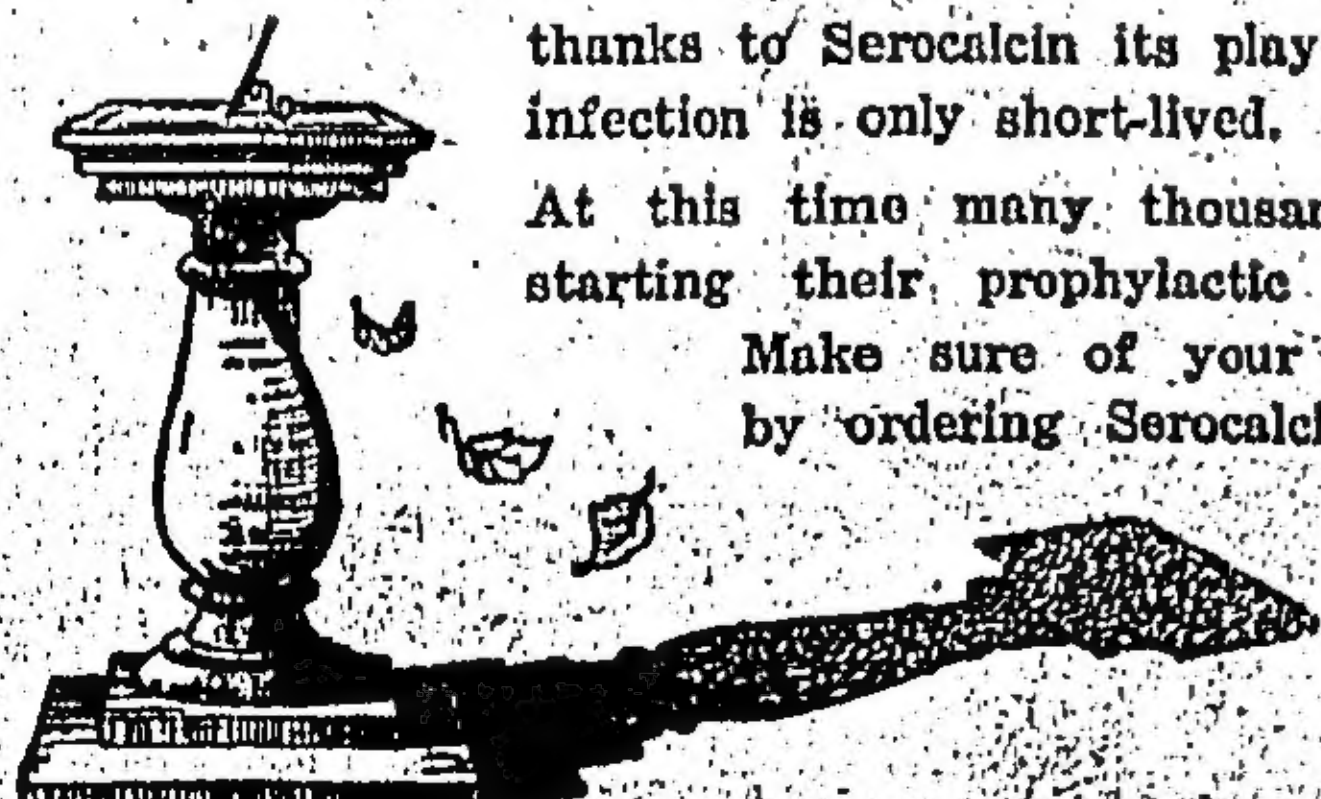
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WEEK-END SOFTBALL

CANADIANS UP AGAINST ST. THERESA'S IN CRUCIAL GAME BY "STARDUST"

The Senior Loop pennant campaign romps into the final weeks before the advent of 1950 with a full programme slated for decision this week-end. Bill Woo's Canadians, defending champions, tangle with the up-and-coming St Theresa contingent in a crucial tussle that will have an important bearing on the prospects of both contestants. The Braves renew their grudge fight with their perennial foes, the Jaguars, but this time they play in the Senior Loop instead of the Junior Circuit where their rivalry was the highlight of many seasons.

Uncle Sam's "Salisbury Sound," the highly touted outfit of the Navy, will have still another chance to garner their first local victory when they cross bats with the Americans at noon tomorrow. In the Ladies' Circuit, the front-running Wahooks clash with the Wildcats in the second game of their annual series. The Owls whipped the Felines 8-2 in their initial encounter. A twin bill is featured this afternoon. The Rexes, who have swept their first eight games, will meet strong opposition in the Jaguars in the only Junior Division fixture this week-end. St Theresa square off against the Clovers in the nightcap.

The Canadians have now won five of their eight games but have yet to meet the top teams of the loop. Their tussle with St Theresa will be their first game against the four leading teams. The Maple Leafs will play the USS "Salisbury Sound," St Joseph's, Pandas, and the Braves in order. It is hardly probable that the Canucks can win all of their remaining games.

However, a win over St Theresa would enhance their chances for the play-offs. The Canucks have not been brilliant in their recent games in which they suffered an 8-7 setback against Chung Hwa and shut out the Cumbancheros 7-0. Bill Woo has a new short stop in Ozzie Rumbahn, who is making a late start after much bally-hoo. Rumbahn will replace Junior "Coke" Markar at short, thereby rendering Markar available for other duties.

The Canucks are an experienced ball club with several outstanding batters in catcher Herbie Quon, third sacker Sherry Dore, and outfielders Junior Markar and Barney Abbas, all currently hitting over the .300 level. They have a battery with lots of pitching savvy in Kassa Nazarian and Quon. The defensive side of the team is sound. However, the Canucks will have to concede speed on the base paths to the more youthful St Theresa nine.

STRONG BID

Looking into that often foggy crystal ball, we find St Theresa in a fairly strong position for the play-offs. After their encounter with the Canucks, the Saints will have to tangle with a series of tough customers in St Joseph's, Pandas, and the Braves before closing out with late season games against the Daredevils and the Baseballers. With their present record of five wins and two losses, St Theresa's should finish in the upper regions of the Senior Loop standings. For their crucial tilt with the Maple Leafs, the Saints will call on Jack Brown for mound duty. Brown has won two pitching starts with nary a defeat. Billy Soares, showing fine form

However, when the chips were down and the tide was at stake, the Braves displayed their superiority by downing the Jags 4-3. The Braves have a more impressive record than their rivals. The Tribe are in second place, having won six out of seven. They have still to play St Theresa, "Begon," and the Americans, and the Canadians and seem to be set for a play-off berth.

The Jaguars, after a slow start, are finally picking up. Their 7-6 triumph over the Pandas was achieved on sound play. Tomorrow's game will see a test of skill between Braves Manager Charlie Figueredo and Jaguar Coach

Hal Wing Lee, who have been playing ball for more than a dozen years now.

The Braves utilize the squeeze bunt to great effect but may find the Jags pulling on an infield switch which may stop their scoring. This game should be a nip-and-tuck affair.

HURLERS TANGLE

Benito Flori and Norman Schwartz, two of the Colony's leading hurlers, will face each other on the same mound when the "Salisbury Sound" and the Americans clash tomorrow noon. Flori pours his fast ball across with great velocity but his change of pace deliveries cannot be compared to the tricky offerings of Schwartz who pitches to a batter's weaknesses.

Flori struck out 11 Madcaps last week and was just two whiffs short of tying the record of 13 fan outs set up by Ernie Tuttle of the Canadian cruiser "Crescent" last season.

Schwartz is a double threat as he matches his superb hurling with equally strong slugging abilities. The Gobs, who were given much publicity, have failed to show the form expected of them. Their hitting has not touched the limits set by their predecessors, the "Gardiners" and the "Begon," while their fielding has not held up for seven full stanzas.

The "Salisbury Sound" have still to play the Canadians and St Joseph's and re-play their drawn fixture with the Madcaps. Unless they show great improvement in the next few weeks, their chances of reaching the play-offs are slim.

SPARRING PARTNER?



The mother-in-law of French boxing champion Robert Charron has complained to the Paris police that Charron "is using my daughter as a punching-bag." She states that Charron has "transformed his home into a boxing ring, where my daughter is forced to play the role of sparring partner." Charron is here pictured with his wife.

—(London Express Service)

St Joseph's, reigning supreme in the Senior Division, should find an easy opponent in the Cumbancheros while the Paks Sports Club should be able to dust off the lowly Baseballers. The Madcaps may find a tough match in the Overseas when they clash tomorrow afternoon. The Pandas and Chung Hwa play each other in another all-Chinese encounter.

week's Yuletide respite when the teams have a lay-off while the International Series is ushered in.

The Clovers, who are improving under the coaching of Freddie Hyndman and Cesar Coelho, will be out to avenge a 7-5 defeat at the hands of St Theresa's.

However, the possibilities of the Clovers taking the Saints do not appear to be too bright. St Theresa's have a compact team while the Clovers are still in the development stage. In any case a friendly atmosphere will prevail in this tilt.

The St Theresa softball teams are having a shindig tonight to raise funds for the purchase of equipment. The dance will be held at the Club de Recreio, commencing at 9.00 p.m.

ECHOES AND RE-ECHOES

Your scribe is a constant advocate of sportsmanship on the field of play provided such sportsmanship does not interfere with playing the game according to the governing rules and regulations. Rough and unnecessarily robust tactics are to be deplored in all instances.

Last week a large section of the Colony's softball adherents were witnesses of an unpleasant incident in a game in which two top teams were competitors. One of the contestants was new to local softball and apparently considered that "backyard" softball is played in this Colony.

In a close play at the home plate, a base-runner of that team ran headlong into the opposing catcher who was blocking the plate when he could have slid home and avoided unnecessary conflict. As it was, a ruckus was started and tempers flared up. The prompt intervention of the team managers prevented the affair from developing into open hostility.

Such a display of rough and very unnecessary robust methods may lead to complications which may not meet with the approval of the Colony's ball fans who are, after all, the supporters of the game. It is hoped that the use of these methods of play will be curtailed as far as possible.

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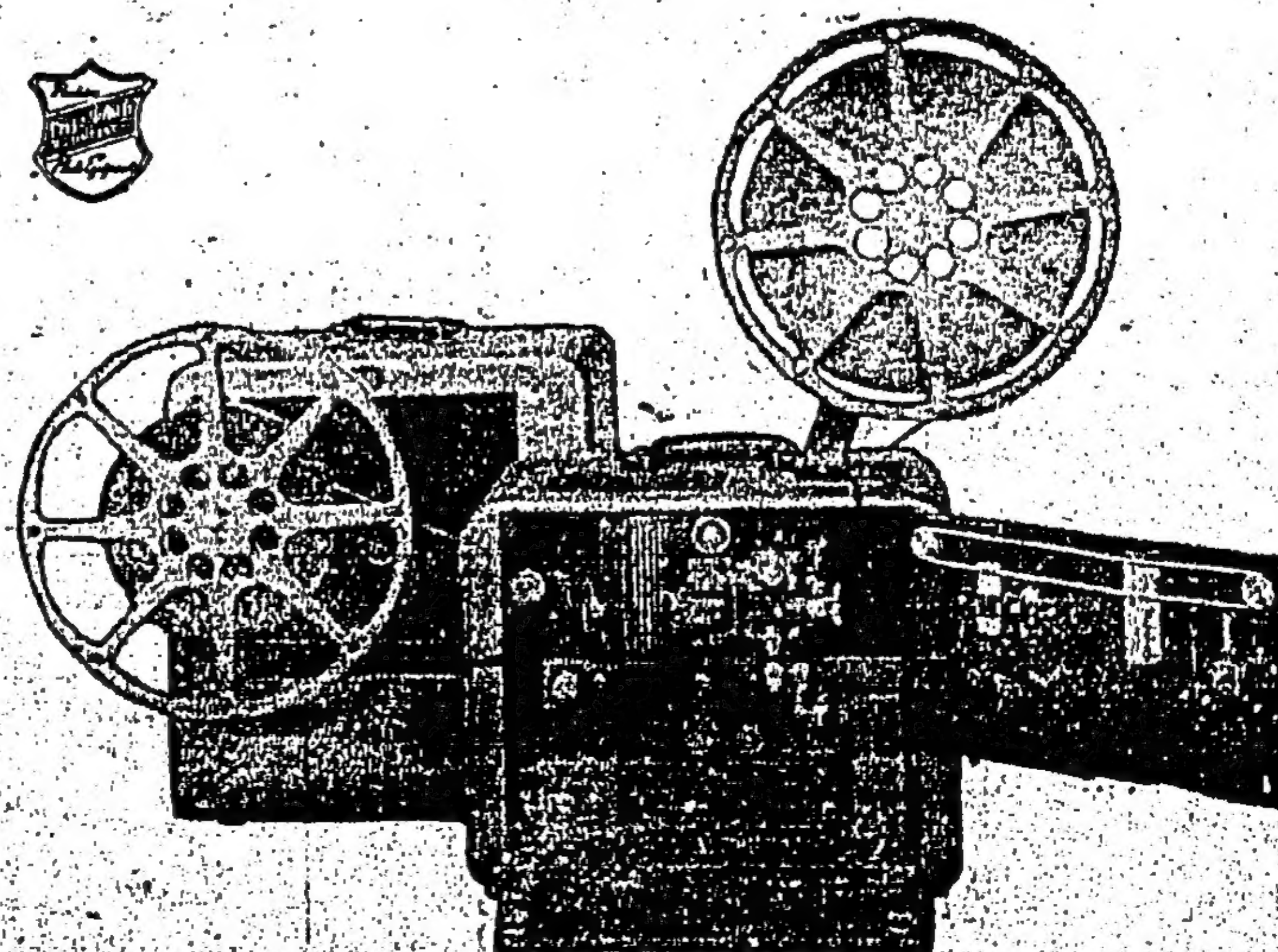
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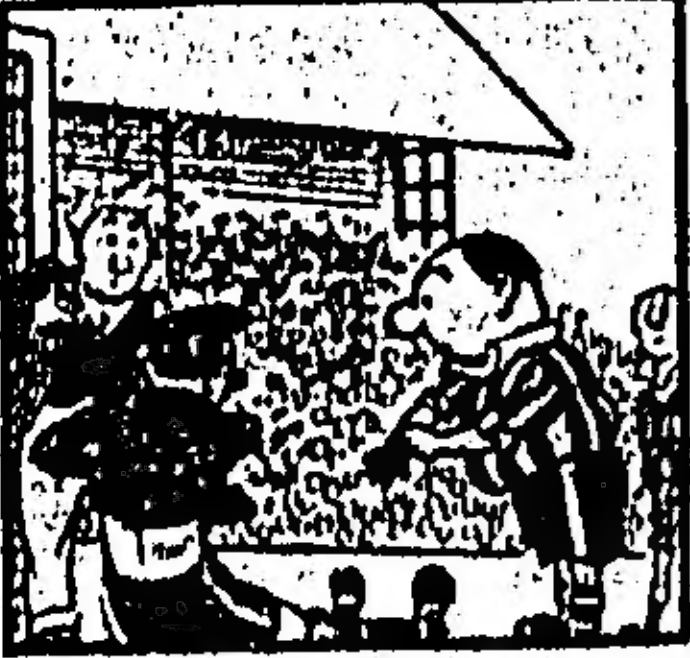
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SPORTING SAM



By Reg. Watson



WEEK-END SOCCER



WEEK-END SOCCER

ARMY MAY REGRET EARLY SEASON SLIP-UPS

By "UNOMI"

Today and tomorrow Clubs resume the search for League points. A full programme of First and Second Division games is slated for this week-end. Kitchee, the potential champions in the Senior League are still undefeated and are well ahead of their nearest rivals, Kowloon Motor Bus and Army. The main interest appears to be the tussle for second place. The Army team have now managed to blend together and have been victorious in their past seven games.

What a great pity the Army slipped up badly at the start of the season and dropped valuable points which, if they had been collected, would have put them about two points behind Kitchee. However, we are still in the first half of the season and if Army keeps up their present form they will certainly be in at the kill.

Today's most promising game appears to be the meeting of St. Joseph's and Club at Happy Valley. The Saints are beginning to slide down the league table and a defeat today will just about ruin their chances of finishing in either first or second place. This game is always one of the matches which is eagerly awaited for by both players and spectators alike.

St. Joseph's are having goal-keeping trouble at the moment. Brown is not always available and Sammy Tang has been off form lately. His display against Kitchee was most unconvincing.

DOUGHTY OPPONENTS
Club, straight from their win over CAA in last week's Shield game, will prove themselves doughty opponents. The team have adopted first time hard tackling tactics and this may set the Saints whose youngsters are inclined to play a more constructive game. It should be a most interesting game to watch between two evenly matched sides.

Army should have little difficulty in scoring their eighth successive win when they visit RAF Sookpoo. The Airman, although not lacking in enthusiasm, are a poor team and I'm afraid their many weaknesses will once again be exposed.

They have an excellent defence but their forward line consists of many individualists. The sooner they learn to play as a team the better will be their chances of obtaining more league points.

Eastern and Commandos play at Caroline Hill, Highton, the Commandos in last week's game and will not appear in today's line-up. The "green beret" boys, with the exception of goalkeeper Locker, really struck rock bottom last week. The team was far too slow and against a Chinese team this lack of speed is evident. Eastern, led by Lo Wah-sing, should manage to add another two points to their total.

A THRILLER
The remaining game today should be a thriller. CAA act as hosts to South China at Boundary Street. South China almost beat the strong Kitchee team last week and if the same stuff opposition to any visiting team. They have a resolute defence but require a few sharpshooters in the forward line.

Tomorrow the league "giants", Kitchee, have weak opposition in Kwong Wah. The undefeated league leaders should

well their goals total considerably as a result of this game. The remaining game should be well worth watching: Navy v. Kowloon Motor Bus at Causeway Bay.

The Buses are playing first-class soccer these days. Chau Man-chi, the Captain, is the danger man, his excellent ball control and prompting of his fellow forwards, creating havoc amongst defenders.

The result of this game depends on the team the Navy are able to field, service duties on many occasions preventing some of their strongest players from being available. I think KMB will win.

HALF-KILLED GIANTS
The first round ties of the Challenge Shield played last week provided good fare for soccer fans. Kitchee, although having won the lion's share of the play were almost eliminated by the youthful South China team. A goal scored by Chu Wing-keung early in the first-half was the only counter of the game.

South China fought doggedly throughout the whole game against their experienced opponents. Time and again the Kitchee defence was ripped wide open by the small South China forwards but erratic shooting spoiled many of their chances of scoring.

Usually a team makes a little more effort to win a cup tie and this was a glaring example of this happening. Undaunted by Kitchee's grand record the boys from Causeway Hill went out to win and almost succeeded. They were beaten but not disgraced.

Commandos, disappointed by their poor showing against Kowloon Motor Bus, Highton reappeared at Centre-forward but he was snuffed out of the game by Kwong Wah's defence. The Commando team were much too slow and were no match for their clever opponents.

Highton once again had the misfortune to meet with an injury. He is the unlucky player in local football. Special mention must be made of the excellent display of goalkeeping by the Commando Keeper, Locker. He was in grand form, some of his saves bordering on the miraculous. He is by far the best keeper in the Colony at the present moment.

EASY PASSAGE
Army had a nice easy passage into round two, giving Kwong Wah an object lesson in football to the tune of 6-0. Several new players were on view in the Army team, each one acquiring himself well which gives an indication of the unlimited talent at the Army selectors' disposal.

SEVENTH RACE
In this last sprint race of 1/2 mile 170 yards for Class 6 ponies (3rd section), punters will have much difficulty in selecting the likely winner as nearly all of these ponies are of similar standard.

I expect that the first three ponies to pass the winning post will be Rosemarie (152 lbs) Silver Spear (143 lbs) and Radotron (147 lbs).

Reuter, at only 135 lbs, is well worth watching for this mare was first at the 4th Race Meeting over the six furlongs carrying 147 lbs, whereas now it has an advantage of 12 lbs less.

EIGHTH RACE
The meeting will close with the mile and 171 yards for Class 7 ponies, and this closes the 1949 racing season. Because of the bulky field and undetermined form of a number of the entries anything is liable to happen here.

However I know that Good Bay is in good form and should be able to win this race in spite of the top weight.

Airfield (151 lbs) is fit too and must be given some kind of a chance in this company.

Elmer (152 lbs) and Strathnam (150 lbs) are coming back to form and the "real" danger men, Al Fresco (138 lbs) and Good News (139 lbs) are not to be overlooked for they are sure to be well up at the finish.

Argentina Offers

£36,000 In Turf Prizes

Stakes which make our richest turf prizes look meagre are on offer to English owners from the Argentine. A £36,000 international race is the bait.

The race, the "Gran Premio Carlos Pellegrini," to be run next November, is over 3,000 metres—getting on for two miles, to be accurate, one mile 1621 yards. Buenos Aires Jockey Club will pay shipping expenses.

The race will be on weight-for-age terms, and horses, to become well-acclimatised, would need to go over in the spring—a blow this, for they would miss the English season.

£25,000 FOR WINNER
Here is the temptation. The winner will receive £25,000 second £8,000, third £3,000, fourth £1,250, and fifth £750. There will be a consolation plate of not less than £3,000 for unsuccessful foreign horses.

One English horse at least will compete—Swallow. This, recently bought by the Argentine for this very race.

Here are comparisons. Richest ever race was this year's Prix de l'Aren de Triomphe at Longchamp, £37,000. Richest ever in this country was the 1946 St. Leger which totalled more than £19,000, of which the winner's share was £15,200.

But though no individual race in this country can compare with the dazzling prize dangled in the Argentine, probably no whole meeting in the world compares with Royal Ascot, at which, over the four days, no race has less than £1,000 added to the sweep money and the Gold Cup has £10,000 added.

—(London Express Service)

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Should England Retire From The World Cup?

ASKS ALAN HOBY

Let us be honest. If this is the best England's footballers can do we should retire from the World Cup—forthwith. On their Tottenham form—flattering, fumbling, feeble—this England team hasn't a cat-in-hell's chance of winning even a silver spoon in Rio de Janeiro next July.

Don't bleat that we beat the Italians in North London. If that was a "victory" it was an empty as a moron's mind.

A point that hasn't been sufficiently emphasised, I think, is that this makeshift Italian eleven, playing away from home on a heavy English pitch, can do in one second what it takes our men three seconds to accomplish.

YARDS FASTER

They have all the tricks we used to have. They can kill the ball from any angle as dead as a kipper.

They can bring it down from the thigh or chest and, in a flash, flick or move it out to the man running into the open space.

They are yards faster and they go forward to meet the ball.

Yet South American observers tell me that the Italians are slower than Brazilian or Argentine teams operating on their own bone-dry grounds.

Moreover, the South Americans can shoot.

Typical of the way these Italians play is their inside right, one Signor Benito Lorenzi.

In Italy they call him "Polsen" Lorenzi, because he acts like arsenic on rival defences.

THE HARRIER

His temperamental foibles apart, Signor Lorenzi is a brilliant, bustling little guy. He buzzed around the Tottenham ground like a tempestuous gnat.

He harassed and harried the life out of Nell Franklin and company.

As one who remarked: "England could do with some of that poison."

The harsh truth is that this Italian display wiped the self-confident smirk off the face of British Soccer.

Coming after our complacent 2-2 massacre of a weak Italian team, it acted on us like a punch on the nose.

The only Englishman who gave me world-class form for 90 minutes was goalkeeper Bert Williams. Mr. Luck was our other outstanding player.

For the rest, our half-back line was terrible and, as I have said before, we need a captain-general to dominate this team.

TRIALS NEEDED

What happens now? Do we go off to sleep again between Christmas and April, when we play Scotland?

We should hold trials, blood new men, above all find some ball players. We simply don't play football any more.

It is a damning reflection on our modern Soccer standards, but Hull City's Ralph Carter at 30 is still just about the best English inside playing.

Little Will Mannion, of Middlesbrough, can still make the first-time pass better than all the Pearsons and Shackletons.

Stanley Matthews at 34 can plop the ball into the goal-mouth right on to a keeper. Tom Lawton—but why go on...

One excuse I have heard is that Wednesday was an "off day." Well, we have had "off days" against Scotland, Sweden and Rire. It is developing into a habit.

Never forget, English prestige will be on show before the world in Rio.

If we can't beat the Scots at Hampden we should stay at home rather than be rubbed the dirt by the South Americans.

LOUIS COME-BACK?

Long before Bruce Woodcock and Leo Savold step into the ring at the White City next May or June for their world heavyweight title fight, Joe Louis may make a sensational come-back.

The old boxer has been on the road every morning and in the gymnasium every afternoon. According to my American scout, he has never worked harder even in his best days.

Indeed, there are indications that Jolting Joe is flirting with the idea of just one more pay day.

If that should happen the Bomber will fight the Cincinnati Negro, Earnst Charles Joe the title—and where, I wonder, will that put Bruce and Leo?

—(London Express Service)

Today's Chances At The Valley

By "THE TURF"

Outstanding event of the Twelfth Race Meeting, the last of the 1949 racing season, to be held at the Valley this afternoon, is the Hongkong Autumn Champions for Australian ponies of any season over the mile and a quarter.

In a programme of eight races, three are over short distances the results of which will depend to a great extent on the start. I would recommend a careful study of the draw for positions as it is obvious that getting off to a good start in races of this kind is a matter of paramount importance.

The 1949 Champion Jockey will be decided this afternoon between Mr. J. Pote-Hunt, Mr. H. Maitland and Mr. K. Kwok. Here is how they now stand: Mr. J. Pote-Hunt... 23 wins. Mr. H. Maitland... 23 wins. Mr. K. Kwok... 22 wins. Racers are reminded that the first saddling will be at 1.30 p.m. with the first race at 2 p.m. sharp. Here is how I see this afternoon's chances:

FIRST RACE

The curtain raiser will be the Final Handicap, (1st section) for Class 7 ponies from the two-mile post once round and in, and it looks that all the 19 contestants will weigh out.

I fancy Pacific which is nicely weighted at 150 lbs. This brown mare ran a good second behind Sino Marshall in the Talmoshan Stakes (2nd section) on May 7 over the mile distance. Her adversary is Abner Hamid with Green Velvet in the rear. Yacal is good for an outside bet.

SECOND RACE

My best three for the Last Chance Handicap (1st section) for Class 6 ponies, over this spring race of 1/2 mile 170 yards are Epitard (152 lbs), Selenia (162 lbs), and Windermere (149 lbs).

THIRD RACE

Windermere, is not a nice black gelding to handle, but if it gets away with the field your money is pretty safe for a win. My dossier shows that Kwong Leung is better over a distance and it is unlikely the brown gelding will upset the applicant. Be careful with Marber (145 lbs).

FOURTH RACE

Judging by the allotment of poundage the best race of the afternoon is the Legends Handicap (1st section) for Class 2 ponies over the two mile post once round and in. There are quite a few speedy merchants and a lot depends on the start.

I like Home Builder, which is down at 145 lbs. Lily (150 lbs) has a big proposition to concede over a stone to this bay gelding. I would like to consider Empress Delight (150 lbs) a chance but seeing this bay mare has jumped to Class 2 since her last win in Class 4 I'll leave the pony out of the reckoning. Strong opposition is sure to come from Jeep Shing (140 lbs), Maniac (150 lbs), and Rabal (142 lbs).

FIFTH RACE

In this second section race for Class 6 ponies over the 1/2 mile 170 yards the finish should be fought out between Dawn (157 lbs) and Sparkling Eyes (159 lbs). These two ponies are good sprinters but Dawn will have a little advantage of a difference in weight. Iron Musk (142 lbs) will also have a chance, but this bay mare will have to be up with the two ponies all the way. Domino (153 lbs) is worth a \$3.00 each way.

SIXTH RACE

The field for the Hongkong Champions will be no more than ten and all will be out at equal weights of 150 lbs. Sky-master (Mr. Tao) will certainly be the favourite and this pony, at 150 lbs, is in good form. He is hard to beat. The other ponies are: Beautiful Beauty (Mr. Kwok), which has been showing up so

SEVENTH RACE

In this last sprint race of 1/2 mile 170 yards for Class 6 ponies (3rd section), punters will have much difficulty in selecting the likely winner as nearly all of these ponies are of similar standard.

I expect that the first three ponies to pass the winning post will be Rosemarie (152 lbs) Silver Spear (143 lbs) and Radotron (147 lbs).

EIGHTH RACE

The meeting will close with the mile and 171 yards for Class 7 ponies, and this closes the 1949 racing season. Because of the bulky field and undetermined form of a number of the entries anything is liable to happen here.

However I know that Good Bay is in good form and should be able to win this race in spite of the top weight.

Airfield (151 lbs) is fit too and must be given some kind of a chance in this company.

Elmer (152 lbs) and Strathnam (150 lbs) are coming back to form and the "real" danger men, Al Fresco (138 lbs) and Good News (139 lbs) are not to be overlooked for they are sure to be well up at the finish.

—(London Express Service)

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Tourists Knock Up 245 For Seven At Bombay

Bombay, Dec. 16.—The Commonwealth cricket tourists took first innings after winning the toss in the second unofficial Test cricket match against India here today and scored 245 runs for the loss of seven wickets before stumps were drawn for the day.

WEEK-END SPORT

TODAY

Cricket—First Division League: Army v. Recreio at Sookunpo; Optimists v. RAF at Chater Road; IRC v. University at Sookunpo; Craigengower v. KCC at Happy Valley.

Second Division: Recreio v. Royal Navy at King's Park; KCC v. IRC at Cox's Road; Friendly: Diocesan Boys' School v. Dockyard RC at Hominum.

Football—First Division League: RAF v. Army at Sookunpo; Chinese v. Athletic v. South at Boundary Street; St. Joseph's v. Club at Happy Valley; Eastern v. Club at Caroline Hill (Kick-off at 4 p.m.).

Second Division: Dockyard v. Army at Sookunpo; Police v. Thakoo at Boundary Street; Friendly: Eastern v. Caroline Hill; PCA v. St. Joseph's at Happy Valley (Kick-off at 2.30 p.m.).

Hockey—RASC v. Chant at Sookunpo, 3.30 p.m. Races—12th Extra Race Meeting at Happy Valley First Saddling at 1.30 p.m.

Rugby—Rugby Cup Tournament Matches: Army v. Commandos at Causeway Bay, 3 p.m.; Navy v. Police at Causeway Bay, 4.15 p.m.; RAF v. Club at Kai Tak, 4.15 p.m. Friendly: Club v. 11th AA Heavy Regiment at Kai Tak, 3 p.m.

Softball—League Games at CBA Ground, King's Park: Rexes v. Jaguars, 2.15 p.m.; Theresa's v. Clovers, 3.45 p.m.

TOMORROW

Cricket—Wayfooting v. Ewa at Chater Road, 11 a.m.; KCC v. 40th Division, 1.45 p.m.; Combined Provost v. AMGDW, 1.45 p.m.; Pressmist v. Dockyard RC, 1.45 p.m.

Football—First Division League: Kitchie v. Kwong Wah at Happy Valley; Navy v. KMB at Causeway Bay (Kick-off at 4 p.m.). Second Division: Kitchie v. South China at Happy Valley; Club v. Navy at Causeway Bay; RN Yard Police v. RAF at Happy Valley; University v. Chinese Athletic at Caroline Hill (Kick-off at 2.30 p.m.); Solicitors v. News Vendors at Caroline Hill (Kick-off at 4 p.m.).

Hockey—Association Matches: Police v. Army at Boundary Street, 11.15 a.m.; RAF v. YMCA at Kai Tak, 10.30 a.m.; HKHC v. Recreio at King's Park, 10 a.m.; Nomads v. Pak SC at King's Park, 10 a.m.; Dutch HC v. Commandos at Sookunpo, 10 a.m.; Recreio "A" v. Navy at King's Park, 10 a.m.; University v. KITC at Pokfulam, 10.30 a.m.

Lawn Bowls—KCC Seeded Wappushaw, 2.30 p.m. Softball—League Matches at King's Park: At CBA Ground: HKHC v. Pak SC, 10.30 a.m.; Cumbhachere v. St. Joseph's; Noms; Wahos v. Wildcats, 1.30 p.m.; Jaguars v. Braves, 3 p.m. At Recreio Ground: Canadians v. St. Theresa's, 10.30 a.m.; USS "Sallysaw Sound" v. Americans; Noms; Pandas v. Chung Hwa, 3 p.m.

US Ski Stars Face Tough Competition

Vancouver, Dec. 16.—In downhill and slalom racing foreigners, and especially Henry Creiller, of France, are expected to give the Americans their toughest competition in skiing this season, according to Mrs. Gretchen Fraser, a 1948 Olympic champion for the women's slalom.

Other men named as likely to give stiff opposition to the Americans are George Panisset and James Coultet, of France, Selo of Italy and the brother, Stein and Marius Erikson, of Norway, apart from a number of sportsmen from Switzerland and Austria.

Mrs. Fraser, who will not be participating in competitive skiing this year, said that she thought the Americans could write off cross-country skiing to the Swedes and the jumping would probably be dominated by the Norwegians. She thought that Andrea Mead would succeed her as the best of America's women, but that Erika Mahring, of Austria, would test Andrea Mead—Reuter.

Two wickets fell at 18 runs but then Frank Worrell, the West Indies player, and Norman Oldfield, of Northamptonshire, came together in a third wicket stand of 188.

Worrell went just before tea for 70, and Oldfield just afterwards for 110, when a partial collapse set in and the Commonwealth, once 211 for three, needed only 34 runs while losing their next four wickets. Phadkar, three for 40 in 22 overs, and Modi, three for 37 in 13 overs, took the day's bowling honours.

WEATHER IDEAL

L. Livingston, the captain of the Commonwealth side, won the toss and decided to bat. The weather was ideal and the wicket perfect. By lunch the Commonwealth had scored 92 for the loss of two wickets. Oldfield and Place made a bright start against the speed attack of Phadkar and Rangachari, scoring 21 runs in the first seven minutes. The rate slowed down when Modi relieved Rangachari.

A crowd of 40,000 was present in the Brabourne Stadium, where the match is being played. When Modi in his third over, had Place together with 18 runs on the board.

Two balls later, he began to bowl the new batsman, 15th, without an addition to the score. Oldfield and Worrell, after scoring 74 runs in 80 minutes, were still together when lunch was taken.

WORRELL STUMPED

After the resumption they continued their third wicket partnership and some free hitting carried the stand past the 100. They had put on 108 and the tea interval was near at hand when Worrell was stumped for 78, with Oldfield now past his century. One run later tea was taken with the total 207 runs for three and Oldfield not out 109.

Oldfield and Worrell had sent up the hundred in 134 minutes, Oldfield completing his 50 in 127 minutes while Worrell took 111 minutes for his. They had six and seven fours respectively to that time and their stand became worth 100 in 108 minutes.

With stylish late cuts and pulls Oldfield reached his 100 in 223 minutes, having then hit 12 fours. It was seven minutes before tea that Worrell, attempting to drive off Umrigar, lost his balance, missed the ball and fell out of his crease for Modi, who was standing well back, to throw the ball at the stumps before Worrell could scramble back.

PHADKAR SHINES

The whole outlook of the game changed after tea. In 54 minutes four wickets fell for only 34 runs. Phadkar bowled Oldfield for 110.

Then bowling faster than his normal pace, he deceived Alley in the slips and then Ray Smith, after being dropped by the wicketkeeper off Phadkar, cocked one up for Modi to make a catch at short leg, where Phadkar had specially placed Modi.

Freer and Petterson then played out the time with seven wickets down for 245.—Reuter.

Police Guard Rita's Clinic

Lausanne, Dec. 16.—A police guard was posted today outside the clinic where Princess Aly Khan, the screen actress Rita Hayworth, is expected to give birth to her baby soon.

The Princess herself is still at the Palace Hotel here. The expected date of the birth is still being kept secret but Professor Rodolphe Rochat, who is attending her, announced yesterday that it was "imminent."

The Lausanne police department said today that the Princess had asked for a police guard for his clinic to prevent the patients being disturbed by reporters.

Rita's daughter, Rebecca, was born by caesarian section five years ago tomorrow. Prince Aly told correspondents a month ago that Rita hoped eventually to resume her Hollywood career. But no definite plans would be made the Prince said, until after the baby was born.—Associated Press.

BOOKIES' ODDS ON SOCCER

1st Division Club Favoured For Cup

London, Dec. 16.—The sequence of 12 successive wins by First Division clubs in the English Football Association Cup competition will be continued this season if bookmakers' quotations are any guide.

The top quoted Second Division club, Tottenham Hotspur, are only 11th in the list at 20 to 1 in spite of possessing the best League record in the country. The Spurs, who reached the semi-final of the competition two seasons ago, have won 17 of their 20 League matches this season and only once have they been beaten.

Four of their forwards have each scored 10 or more goals. Manchester United are clear-cut favourites at 8 to 1 to repeat their Cup victory of 1948. Liverpool, who have set a cracking pace in the League championship, are on the 10 to 1 mark together with the League champions, Portsmouth, Arsenal and Wolverhampton Wanderers, the winners last season.

Blackpool are 11 to 1, one point less than Sunderland, who are quoted at 14 to 1 with Derby County, Cup winners in 1946, at 16 to 1, and Burnley, beaten finalists the following year, on the 18 to 1 mark.

At the other end of the list is the little non-League club, Weymouth, drawn against Manchester United in the third round. Weymouth are quoted at 500 to 1 against winning the Cup, but the chances of their pulling off such a feat are more remote than even these huge odds suggest.—Reuter.

Mao Tse-Tung In Moscow

(Continued from Page 1)

of Lenin and Stalin, the Soviet Government was the first to announce the unequal treaties with China which existed during the Tsarist regime.

REPEATED AID

Mao continued: "For many years, the Soviet people and the Soviet Government have repeatedly given aid to the cause of the liberation of the Chinese people. These acts of friendship on the part of the Soviet people and the Soviet Government, which the Chinese people received during the days of their severe trials, will never be forgotten. At the present time, the most important tasks are the strengthening of the front of peace throughout the world, headed by the Soviet Union's struggle against the warmongers; and the strengthening of good neighbourly relations between the two great states of China and the Soviet Union, and the development of friendship of the Chinese and the Soviet peoples.

"Thanks to the victory of the people's revolution in China and the formation of the Chinese People's Republic, thanks to the joint efforts of the peoples of the Soviet Union, the Chinese people's democracy and the peace-loving peoples of the whole world, thanks to the common striving for close co-operation between the two great powers of China and the Soviet Union, in particular, thanks to the correct international policy of Generalissimo Stalin, I am confident that these tasks will be fulfilled to the fullest extent and with the best results. Long live the friendship and co-operation between China and the Soviet Union!" — United Press.

KITC HOCKEY TEAM PICKED

The following will represent the KITC in their hockey fixture against the University at Pokfulam, at 10.30 a.m. tomorrow.

Goal: Singh; J.S. Dillon; F. Webb; Balwant Singh; M.H. Hossain (Captain); Sub. Bhag Singh; U.S. Dillon; Nagesh Ebrahimi; F.X. Pinto; S. Nino and L. Gullerres.

Reserve: Rattan Singh and Mickey Ram. All players are asked to assemble at the Vehicular Ferry Wharf (H.Y.F.), Hongkong, at 9.45 a.m., and those who are unable to play are asked to inform U.S. Dillon, Tel. 58000 or 58070 Ext. 31.

Beauty Treatment



All done up in curl papers is the Yorkshire terrier Corinium Rosemary at a recent open terrier show at Hammersmith, London.

Danny O'Sullivan May Win World Title For Britain

London, Dec. 16.—While Danny O'Sullivan's win against Teddy Gardner to become the new British bantamweight champion was not so convincing as many fans would have liked, there is a strong impression that he may bring another world title to Britain.

The world light-heavyweight crown is, of course, held by Freddie Mills, and in February O'Sullivan will oppose Manuel Ortiz for the Mexican's world bantamweight title.

O'Sullivan, a London Irishman, is not to engage in any serious contests before he faces Ortiz at Harringway.

The promoter, Mr. Jack Solomon, is now tying up the loose ends of this world championship fight, while everything in connection with the fight may be said to be "on." Mr. Solomon, like those people who will support the programme, is keen to know when Ortiz will come to England and start his preparation.

The British champion will start his training as soon as the Christmas holidays are over and his manager, Benny Huntman, has called a halt in the plans to match O'Sullivan with Spain's Luis Romero for the European title held by the Spaniard.

RISK OF INJURY

Stating that world title fights do not come along every day and that O'Sullivan should not face the risk of injury before his February engagement with Ortiz, Huntman decided that his charge should confine his appearances to exhibitions rather than serious fights.

Perhaps Romero will not mind such a postponement, for should O'Sullivan beat Ortiz and so become the world champion, the Spaniard would, no doubt, be anxious to accommodate the British boxer with Romero's European and O'Sullivan's world titles at stake.

Meanwhile the claims of other men should not be entirely ignored. Jackie Paterson, former world flyweight champion, for example, is now boxing in South Africa and a good showing against Vic Towell, holder of the South African and Empire bantamweight titles, would put him in line for a crack at any honours.

He will, no doubt, be out with challenges to O'Sullivan if he returns with a win over Towell to his credit or he may bid for Towell's Empire title. This division, throughout the world, is certainly in a very interesting state at the present time.—Reuter.

FAR EAST TOUR

Doncaster, Dec. 16.—The British lightweight boxing champion, Billy Thompson, of Doncaster, who is due to fly to Singapore on February 17 for a

Kostov Executed

Sofia, Dec. 16.—Traicho Kostov, former Bulgarian Deputy Premier, sentenced to death for spy work, was executed today, the Bulgarian news agency announced. Today, the Presidium of the Bulgarian Grand National Assembly rejected Kostov's plea for mercy. It found that there were no extenuating grounds for reducing the sentence.—Reuter.

Former SS Men, Gestapo Attend Secret Meeting

Munich, Dec. 16.—Seventy former Nazi SS officers, Gestapo agents and members of the SO (Gestapo Security Service), attended a secret meeting of the extreme Nationalist Fatherland Union here last night, the local Press reported tonight with banner headlines.

The meeting took place in a restaurant and only those with special invitation cards were allowed to enter the building.

A usually reliable source told Reuter that reporters who managed to get into the restaurant were thrown out.

Herr Karl Freitenhansel, leader of the Fatherland Union, was reported by this source to have said at the meeting: "Down with the anti-Nazi traitors who have sold out to the Allies."

NOT ASHAMED

Speaking on the question of German war guilt, he was reported to have said that the German people have nothing to be ashamed of.

Herr Freitenhansel specifically accused the Bavarian Social Democrat leader, Dr. Walde-mar Von Koenigstein, of being a traitor and having been a major in the British Secret Service, the source said.

Dr. Von Koenigstein was, therefore, responsible for the death of thousands of German soldiers, he alleged.

Herr Freitenhansel announced, the source said, that he would hold three or four public meetings in January and this time no one would break them up. This was a reference to two meetings organised by the Fatherland Union in Munich and in Bremen in October and November which were broken up by Social Democrats, Communists and anti-Nazis.

After the last Munich meeting, Herr Freitenhansel told the Press that he would form a special squad of anti-Communist Ukrainians now living in Germany.

One speaker at yesterday's secret meeting, whose name was given as Schaeffer, was reported to have been applauded when he boasted of

having killed a French occupation soldier and had been sentenced in his absence to 15 years' imprisonment.

The report of the meeting by this source was similar to those which appeared in the local newspapers. The Abend Zeitung headlined its version Secret Meeting of the SS with Freitenhansel.

The United States Commissioner for Bavaria, Mr. Clarence B. Bolds, announced that he was conducting a full investigation into the reported meeting and would announce his findings later.—Reuter.

CHURCH NOTICES

KOWLOON UNION CHURCH (Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian)

SUNDAY: 9.45 a.m. Sunday School, Young Peoples Group, Services, Rev. A. E. Small, 11.00 a.m. Holy Communion, 7.00 p.m. Native Tableaux by Children of the Sunday School, 8.00 p.m. Social hour. TUESDAY: 10.00 a.m. Women's Guild. THURSDAY: 8.00 p.m. Choir Practice.

ENGLISH METHODIST CHURCH

(Queen's Rd. East, Corner of Kennedy Road) Sunday, Dec. 18: 11.0 a.m. Service, Rev. L. M. McCoy, 8.30 p.m. Special Christmas Service of Lessons and Carols, conducted by Rev. M. Collins. 8.00 p.m. Social Hour in the Sniders and Soldiers Home. All Servicemen Invited. Tuesday, Dec. 20: 9.15 p.m. "Peace" all Programme in the S. and S. Home. Special Christmas features.

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From Universal Studios
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Names and addresses should accompany advertisements, not necessarily for publication, but to ensure that replies are received by the person for whom they are intended.

We will forward replies to the stated address if the advertiser desires.
All advertisers purporting to loan money must publish their names and addresses in the advertisements.

If the wants of advertisers are quickly met and they do not desire any further replies forwarded, we shall be glad to be notified promptly to that effect when a suitable acknowledgment will be inserted free of charge.

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FOUNTAIN Pen on counter of South China Morning Post. Apply Secretary, S. C. M. Post.

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